The Nation

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Summary of the News

In his speech at the luncheon of the Associated Press on April 20, President Wilson declared that the whole duty of this country in the present crisis was summed up in the motto, "America First." Interpreting his statement, he said that we must think of America "before we think of Europe, in order that America may be fit to be Europe's friend when the day of tested friendship comes." The President went on to defend the neutral attitude adopted by the United States and the strict observance of it by the Administration, defining the basis of neutrality as "sympathy for mankind." Comment by the German press on the President's speech, particularly on those portions of it which referred to the possible services which this country might render in the negotiations for peace, have been the reverse of cordial.

The reply to Count von Bernstorff's memorandum, in which the Administration's conception of neutrality was criticised with frankness, if not with discretion, was published on April 21, the State Department having previously taken the precaution, which the German Ambassador had ignored, to obtain the consent of the addressee to its publication. Dignified and courteous in tone, but exceedingly firm in substance, the reply of the American Government, which is signed by Mr. Bryan, repudiates the suggestion of Count Bernstorff that the Administration has failed in its obligations as a neutral state, and patiently endeavors to dissipate "certain false impressions" of the German Ambassador. An interesting passage of the communication deals with the question of the export of munitions of war from the United States to the Allied countries. On this matter it is explicitly asserted that "This Government holds . . . that any change in its own laws of neutrality during the progress of a war, which would affect unequally the relations of the United States with the nations at war, would be an unjustifiable departure from the principle of strict neutrality." No official comment has, as we write, been made upon the communication by the German Foreign Office. The *Morgenpost,* of Berlin, reflects the tone of unofficial comment in the German press when it says: "This answer sounds like a mockery of the German standpoint . . . it remains for Mr. Bryan to proclaim with such cynical frankness that the weapon trade to one belligerent is real neutrality."

The full text of the memorandum in which former Premier Venizelos urged the participation of Greece in the war on the side of Servia, and outlined his plan of obtaining the coöperation of Bulgaria and Rumania, was published in the New York *Times,* quoting from the London *Daily Chronicle,* on April 21. The memorandum deals, in particular, with the suggested concessions to Bulgaria in return either for the friendly neutrality or for the active coöperation of that country.

There has been plenty of rumor but no further development in the international situation as it affects Italy during the past week. Emphasis has been laid on the complete accord that exists between Italy and Rumania, and for the rest reports of a definite break in the negotiations between Rome and Vienna have alternated with rumors of concessions agreed upon by Austria. One interesting report that is worth noting has it that not the least of Italy's difficulties in entering the war will be to give Austria such grounds for offence as will bring about war and yet avoid the invidious appearance of aggression.

The indefatigable Dr. Dernburg, speaking on Saturday to the University Club, Brooklyn, made another addition to his chapter of unofficial suggestions for the future adjustment of territorial boundaries in Europe. He reiterated more explicitly his former statement that Germany coveted no Belgian territory, but declared that if Belgium was to be evacuated the seas must be "neutralized." It would be interesting to speculate on what possible meaning can be attached to Dr. Dernburg's expressed desire.

The German "blockade" by submarines has continued to be of a desultory character since we wrote last week. An official report was issued in Berlin on Sunday that seventeen British ships that are due have not been reported, readers being left to draw their own inferences as to the prowess of submarines, but in the week that is past only six sinkings have been recorded: three British ships, two trawlers and a freighter; two Norwegian barks, and one Finnish steamer.

Dispatches from Berlin dated April 22, contained details of amendments to the prize rules governing operations of the German navy, designed as "a reprisal for the decision made by England and her allies contravening the Declaration of London of February 26, 1909." Under the new order, field glasses, nautical instruments, pig lead, aeroplanes, coal, and coke are made absolute contraband, and the list of conditional contraband is increased by the addition of a number of commodities, notably wool, rubber, iron, and several other ores.

Replying to a question in the House of Commons last week Mr. Lloyd George seemed definitely to dispose of the idea that there was any likelihood of a resort to conscription in England. He declared that Lord Kitchener was very gratified with the response to his appeal for volunteers, and the Government was not of the opinion that there was any ground for believing that the war would be more successfully prosecuted by recourse to conscription. In another statement in the House of Commons Mr. Lloyd George threw some light on the numbers of the British expeditionary forces now engaged in operations abroad. These consisted, he said, of more than thirty-six divisions, or, roughly, 750,000 men. The Chancellor of the Exchequer also gave interesting figures as to the increase in the amount of artillery ammunition manufactured since the beginning of the war. Taking the figure 20 as the amount manufactured in September, in October and November it was 90, in December 156, in January 186, in February 256, and in March 388.

It was officially announced on Monday that the commander of the Kronprinz Wilhelm, the German converted cruiser lying in Hampton Roads, had decided to intern his ship and crew until the end of the war.

Considerable interest has been aroused during the past week by the attack of Frank P. Walsh, chairman of the Committee on Industrial Relations, on John D. Rockefeller, jr., in connection with the conduct of Mr. Rockefeller's agents during the mine strikes in Colorado. Comment on Mr. Walsh's outburst will be found in our editorial columns.

According to a statement by Secretary Redfield last week the exports of the United States for March were $299,445,498, as compared with $187,499,234 in March a year ago. The imports for the same month showed a decrease, being $158,040,216, against $182,555,304 last year.

In Mexico Villa's defeat in the battle of Celaya has been confirmed. News was received in Washington on Monday that an American newspaper correspondent at Vera Cruz had been imprisoned and sentenced to be shot by the Carranzista authorities for having sent out uncensored news dispatches. Secretary Bryan has instructed Consul Silliman to take the matter up with Gen. Carranza.

Premier Asquith announced last week in the House of Commons that on Wednesday or Thursday of this week the Chancellor of the Exchequer would bring forward proposals for "dealing with the limiting of facilities for drinking." It is inferred from the Premier's announcement that there will be no recourse to general prohibition in Great Britain, but it is thought probable that the proposals promised will be for curtailing the hours during which public houses may sell liquor.

Replying to questions in the House of Commons last week concerning the demands made on China by Japan, Sir Edward Grey declared that while negotiations were still going on he should be unable to make a detailed statement. He said, however, that the British Government was in close touch with the Governments of China and Japan, and that the preservation of the common interests of all the Powers in China and the continuance of the "open door," together with the insurance of the independence and integrity of the Chinese Republic, was the policy of the British Government.

The deaths of the week include: Antoine F. Guillain, April 20; Appleton Robbins Hillyer, Dr. Paul F. Gans, ex-Gov. William A. Byrd, April 21; Samuel Bancroft, jr., Mario Lombardi, Capt. George W. Logan, April 22; Col. T. H. Handbury, Jeremiah O'Rourke, René de Saint Marceaux, Albion H. Bicknell, April 23; John Cudahy, ex-Senator J. B. Foraker, jr., Edward S. Fowler, April 24; Frederick W. Seward, April 25; John Bunny, Joseph Patrick Nannetti, Edward C. Wall, April 26.

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The Week

Ambassador Bernstorff must feel like taking a pinch of snuff, to see if his diplomatic head is still on. It was a right Saladin stroke, deft, delicate, but severing, which the German Ambassador's offensive communication brought upon himself from the President's scimitar. In this case it is not necessary to go through the form of assuming that Secretary Bryan wrote the document to which he put his name. Its real authorship is avowed in Washington, and, if it had not been, would be plain from internal evidence. Mr. Wilson himself took up the task of answering Count Bernstorff, and his letter speaks for itself. In the politest and most silken way, it applies the cold steel. The Ambassador is given to understand that he had displayed both ignorance and impudence, but is rebuked with such an excess of grace that he would be unable to put his finger on a single phrase in the President's reply to him which he could allege to have an insulting turn. President Wilson went about the affair in precisely the right temper. He had to repel an affront, but he has done it in a way not to impair his own calm poise, or to lower the dignity of the country by anything like raw-head and bloody-bones retort. As he insinuated, with latent sarcasm, Ambassador Bernstorff has been "laboring under false impressions." One of those impressions apparently was that he could take liberties with our Government. He now knows—and the authorities in Berlin know—that he cannot.

In the charge so bitterly formulated by German sympathizers that America is prolonging the war by supplying the Allies with guns and ammunition, there is revealed the same peculiar assumption that underlies one German complaint against Belgium. Why should Belgium have run to arms when all that Germany asked was free passage, with full prices paid for value received and generous indemnity for any inconvenience suffered by the Belgians? Belgium should have acquiesced, the German armies would have crossed into France, the French armies would have been destroyed—and then comes the assumption: the French would surely have been beaten. The possibility of the French not being beaten, the human possibility of the Germans being compelled to retreat through Belgium followed by hostile armies who would be justified in treating the Belgians as their enemies—these things do not seem to have entered into the German reckoning, which, as the phrase goes, is based on the metaphysical necessity of a German victory. And thus, in the case of American munitions for the Allies, it is assumed that if American supplies were not forthcoming, the war would be shortened—by a German victory. The argument is ridiculous. The French won the battle of the Marne and shattered the German dream, without the aid of American shells. The Russians saved Warsaw in October without American guns or powder. The German advance as a whole was broken before American resources began to affect the situation. If Great Britain and France were deprived of supplies from this country, they would not make peace upon Germany's terms; they would only build more and more ammunition factories and the deadlock in the trenches would continue. We do not wish to press the point too far, but plainly there is reason for asserting that once a German victory is not assumed as certain, the provisioning of the Allies from America is actually working for a shortening of hostilities.

Even more reassuring than Sir Edward Grey's statement of the British Government's adherence to the principles of the open door in China and the unimpaired integrity and sovereignty of the Chinese Republic, is his assertion that the British Government is in close touch with the diplomatic situation in the Far East and with the commercial interests that would naturally be affected by any sharp changes in the status in China. In other words, Sir Edward declares that he knows something of what is going on between the Japanese and Chinese Governments, whereas most of the rumors concerning Japanese aggression upon China are based on extremely imperfect knowledge, or no knowledge at all. The British Foreign Minister's statement should dispose of the story that Japan has been hoodwinking the Powers by submitting for their consideration a different set of proposals from those she has laid before the Chinese Government. Actually, it is being recognized at Washington, as in London, that no violent rearrangements can be forced by Japan upon China which will not come up for ratification by the Powers after the war. Kiao-chau has brought the Far East within the radius of the great conflagration, and the interests of the Chinese nation will come up for discussion at the general settlement.

No rebuke was ever better deserved than that which Secretary Bryan administered to Rear-Admiral Peary for the silly assertion about our national future, which was made at a recent Republican banquet in this city. "We cannot stand still," said Peary; "a hundred years hence we shall either be obliterated as a nation or we shall occupy the entire North American world segment." Indeed, the only fault to be found with Mr. Bryan's comment on this nonsense is in the importance that he attaches to it. "Such a prediction from an obscure man," he says, "would be foolish; from one in his [Peary's] position it is little less than a crime." There may be persons in this country who think that because Peary discovered the North Pole his views on the destiny of nations are entitled to special weight; but we cannot believe that the number of such persons is sufficient to be of any moment. Men of common-sense will not see in his possession of the fortitude and persistence which carried him to the Pole any warrant for believing that he is endowed with supernatural powers of mind. And unless we ascribe to him such powers, there is no reason why, when he talks stupid nonsense, we should imagine that it is anything but what it is.

It is no more possible to-day than it has been heretofore to arrive at a trustworthy judgment concerning the Colorado mine troubles as a whole. But it is a matter of profound concern to the country that a man charged with the high responsibility which ought to attach to the chairmanship of a Commission engaged in inquiring into the largest and most difficult of social and economic questions should be conducting himself as Chairman Walsh is doing. An exhibition of irresponsibility and sensationalism on his part is peculiarly inexcusable in this instance, in view of the exhibition of recklessness of which he was guilty last February when in a public statement he alleged that Mr. Rockefeller had given at the hearing evidence which had not been given by him at all, as Mr. Walsh afterward admitted. A striking reminder of this untrustworthiness of Mr. Walsh, even when dealing with the simplest kind of facts, is to be found in his statement at Kansas City. He speaks of a letter in which he says Mr. Bowers praised Mr. Murphy (the personal representative in New York of John D. Rockefeller, sr.) "for his discretion in not giving the Government agent any information." It appears, not only from Mr. Rockefeller's denial, but also from the statement given out at Chicago, that the thing for which Mr. Bowers praised Mr. Murphy had nothing whatever to do with the giving or withholding of information. It is impossible,

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however, to do justice to the demerits of Mr. Walsh's outgiving by citing specific statements contained in it. The tone of the whole thing is that of a partisan pamphleteer, not that of a Commissioner charged with the duty of ascertaining and weighing facts.

Three statements in defence of the New York Legislature have been issued by the Republican State Committee. This looks as if it were thought that the Legislature could stand a lot of defending. One of the defenders, Assemblyman Hinman, the leader of the majority, seems to be himself in need of defence. He is so innocent, however, in justifying the office-grabbing of his party in the Legislature that he ought to be let off easily. His explanation is that the Republican Administration at Albany found itself confronted with the horrible fact that last November's election "changed only six departments out of sixty." Hence "the party commissioned by the people" faced the handicap of "having 75 per cent. of the departments, boards, and bureaus controlled by the party that was repudiated." This was plainly intolerable. The Governor and the Legislature, in their determination to confer blessings upon the State, "could not expect coöperation from politically unfriendly heads of departments." Consequently, those heads had to be chopped off. The process, Assemblyman Hinman seems to be dimly aware, may be suspected of partisanship; but he sagely remarks: "Legislation for purely partisan advantage is in essence vicious, but legislation to repeal legislation so enacted is meritorious." Amen to that, Mr. Hinman ought to know that the Democrats will say with unction, when they next control the Legislature.

The first trouble with the Legislature of 1915 is that it was weak; the second, that it lacked vigorous leadership. In the old days of alternate Croker and Platt control at Albany, we used to have awful pictures drawn of what would happen if the Legislature were allowed to "run wild." This was supposed to be a complete justification of the boss system. And there was at least this force in it, that in or out of the Legislature there must be leaders. But it would be absurd to speak of the Legislature of this year as having run wild. That would imply a kind of elemental energy, as of plunging horses. At Albany, however, the horses have been sheep. And they have been wandering without a shepherd. In the very fact that the Legislature was made up so largely of aimless mediocrities lay the great opportunity which Gov. Whitman has missed. Upon such a body of men, in general well meaning but distrustful of themselves, it would have been easily possible for a really strong Executive to get a firm grip. But more and more they got away from him—all fear of him they early lost—and have now completed a record of combined inefficiency and mischief that will long give this year's Legislature a bad name. The view of it reached by men who have for years been in close touch with legislation and State politics is not that it was corrupt, but hopeless. It was not wicked, but inane.

A semi-official character is imparted to this year's sessions of the American Academy of Political and Social Science at Philadelphia by the appointment of delegates by the Governors of a large number of States. The reason for this action is to be found in the topic to be discussed, which is "America's Interests as Affected by the European War." The meeting, which will occur on Friday and Saturday of this week, will provide the most elaborate presentation of the question yet attempted. "America," as employed on the programme, is not restricted to the United States, for among the speakers are to be the Ambassador from Brazil and a former Minister from Nicaragua. Secretary Redfield is to open the consideration of the question of our international trade as affected by the war, and Charles S. Hamlin, Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, the question of our financial position as affected by it. A climax is evidently planned in the closing session, when the topic will be "America's Possible Contributions to a Constructive Peace." In the midst of much loose talk on a grave situation, this meeting comes at an opportune time.

The inauguration last week of Edward K. Graham as president of the University of North Carolina calls attention to the notable progress of that oldest of State universities in making itself an efficient servant of the commonwealth. The work of Mr. Graham, as dean and acting president, has for nearly ten years been an example to other Southern institutions of the same sort. While the activities of the University have followed the general lines laid down in Middle Western education, they have in some ways been original. Night schools have been established for negroes, correspondence courses for industrial workers, summer-school courses for public-school teachers, rural-life conferences for those interested in the improvement of rural conditions, and road-institutes for the builders of a permanent system of county and State highways. Package-libraries reach nearly 500 communities, and a series of extension bulletins has been scattered broadcast to interest the State in questions relating to school, home, and city and State government. The "community service week" initiated by the University has now been made an official State event. In his inaugural President Graham indicated that the extension service would receive increased attention, and already a special bureau has been provided to carry it on. What has been done thus far has been upon an income probably less than one-tenth that of the Universities of Illinois or Wisconsin. In other Southern States—Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi—there is a field as wide as in North Carolina; their under-nourished State universities should find inspiration in the work of their neighbor.

Villa's defeat at Celaya and his retreat north simplifies the problem confronting the Carranzista forces by appreciably narrowing the battle-front. The reason why Villa gave battle in the region of Celaya and Irapuato is plain from a study of the map. The reason is railways. One great trunk line crosses Mexico from east to west, from Vera Cruz through the capital, Queretaro, and Guadalajara to Manzanillo on the Pacific Coast. Two great trunk lines come down from the north, one from Monterey and through San Luis Potosi, striking the trans-Mexican line at Celaya, one from Chihuahua and Durango through Torreon, Zacatecas, and Aguascalientes, striking the trans-Mexican railway at Irapuato. Being driven north of the east-and-west railway, Villa has lost southern Mexico, and coöperation with the Zapatistas has become difficult. If Villa makes a successful stand at Aguascalientes on the western of the two north trunk lines, he is in railway communication with San Luis Potosi on the eastern line by means of a transverse railway between the two cities. If he is compelled to leave Aguascalientes he must fight along a single line of railway, since there is no link between the eastern and western lines until Torreon, whence a line runs to Monterey. For the Carranza forces the two railway lines offer a choice of routes. If it is true that Villa is drawing all his forces together at Aguascalientes, it means an easy advance for Obregon north to San Luis Potosi and then west towards Zacatecas to the north of Aguascalientes, and in the rear of Villa's army.

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MR. ROOSEVELT ASKS TOO MUCH.

What the legal effect may be of the disclosures made on Monday at Syracuse, it would be rash to predict. If, according to the saying, the Almighty does not know how twelve men on a jury will decide in an ordinary case, the uncertainties are vastly multiplied in a political trial like the present. One would say that it had already been proved that Col. Roosevelt did not come into court with clean hands. He had allowed in himself what he denounced as iniquitous in another. Last year he was charging, up and down the State, that Whitman, if elected Governor, would be the tool of the Republican boss, who would in turn be working bipartisan arrangements with Tammany. But Gov. Whitman, if he had tried, could not have been so subservient to Barnes as Roosevelt was to Platt. Nor could he so unblushingly have made an important appointment merely "to please Grady"—the notorious Grady of Tammany Hall. Thus even the most obtuse juryman must now see that the Colonel, when he was crying out last year about the sum of all political villanies, knew what he was talking about, because he, when Governor, practiced with gusto all the arts that he afterwards came to call black. But all these matters relating to the actual suit for libel are of small consequence compared with the larger aspects of the trial. The jury will bring in whatever verdict it thinks right. Meanwhile, a public verdict will have been pronounced.

This will be based upon such written evidence as was produced on Monday. What was before merely suspected, or rumored, or reported at second hand, we now have verified by Mr. Roosevelt's own letters. He did not furnish them, though doubtless he has copies of them all. They had been preserved by Platt and Barnes. Their damaging effect is two-fold. First, is their revelation of how Roosevelt felt about Hughes. Of recent years, the Colonel has found it convenient to speak well of Gov. Hughes. But at the time—in the thick of the fight—what was his attitude? Active dislike and tacit opposition. In 1908 Roosevelt took precisely the view of Hughes that the Governor's envenomed opponents—Barnes, Parsons, and the others—did. Why, Hughes had "wantonly behaved badly to the very men who did most in securing his election." What did this mean? Simply that Hughes had broken with the party bosses; that, in his desire to see justice done in this State, he had gone direct to the people. In other words, his course had been precisely that which Roosevelt in 1912 lauded himself to the skies for pursuing. But this was 1907 and 1908! Moreover, it was another man! And the lot of that man was contempt and sullen antagonism from the great boss-hater, Theodore Roosevelt. Not a word of appreciation had he then for the high personal qualities which Gov. Hughes had displayed, or for the way in which he had bound to himself the best citizens of the State; only sneers at the man and acquiescence in his second nomination merely as a political necessity. The Colonel may do a lot of explaining about all this, but he cannot explain away his own letter. It remains to do infinite hurt to his reputation.

And then those letters of his to Platt! Unearthed in the boss's archives, they are about the ugliest thing that Roosevelt has ever had to face. Their showing is peculiarly damaging, since they make it plain not only that Roosevelt worked easily with this most offensive boss of his day, and submitted nearly everything to his approval, but that he flattered him and fawned upon him and toadied to him and professed to take great delight in social intercourse with him.

Of course, he has a theory about all this. He will doubtless try again to make it fit the facts, though the mass of facts now piled up is obviously crushing the theory. It is that he was throughout working for "righteousness," but that, as a practical man, he had to use whatever tools lay to his hand. He was always sure that he had a spoon long enough to sup with the devil; and he would never hesitate to do business with one thoroughly evil, provided that, in the end, the triumph of righteousness shone forth like the sun. But in asking us to believe this, Mr. Roosevelt is really asking too much. He is trying to project backwards to 1899 the glamour of 1912. In the latter year, his head was surrounded—without any violent resistance on his part—with a kind of anti-boss halo. And he would have us think that he was entitled to wear it in 1899. But a simpler and more natural theory better fits the facts, as they have now been amply established. This theory does not seek to reconcile flat contradictories. Nor does it ask people to gulp down impossibilities. It takes Theodore Roosevelt in 1898, not as the apostle of righteousness and social justice that he was said to have become in 1912, but as a vigorous young man, not too fastidious, intensely ambitious, consumed with desire for high office, who had deliberately made up his mind that the road to success for him lay with the party organization and the party boss. Verily, verily, he had his reward. But he ought to add to his many other sterling qualities clear sight, to see himself as others see him, and moral frankness, to depict his career in the past as it really was, and not as he wishes it had been.

A NOTABLE CIVIC ORGANIZATION.

Lessons more than local lie plain upon the face of the record of the Municipal Voters' League of Chicago, which last Friday celebrated the twentieth anniversary of its founding. It is virtually unique in its character, in its fidelity to purpose, and in its achievement which is summed up in the phrase now current in Chicago: "The city has the best Board of Aldermen in twenty years." Look where you will, you will scarcely find another city in which a small group of public-spirited citizens, volunteers all, have done a work of this kind without hope of personal reward or preferment, and at the end of two decades have so much to show for it. The history of the organization is full of hope for American municipal reform.

When the Municipal Voters' League was founded, Chicago was in a bad way. Its city government, generally speaking, was in the hands of a gang of politicians of the worst type, and had shuttled between one so-called party organization and another, without obvious reason why plain citizens should care a rap which of them might be in control. Public streets, public utilities, public affairs in general, were the sport of corrupt politicians and the corrupt capitalists who worked hand-in-glove with them. Municipal elections were a farce and public interest in them at a minimum.

It was in such a situation that a bare half-dozen of earnest men finally got together for conference, with the result that the League was organized. Under the leadership of a comparatively unknown, not to say obscure, business man, George E. Cole, it went to work upon the task. The city of Chicago never can be sufficiently grateful to that little, solid fighter, Cole, for the work he did, despite sneers, social ostracism, threats of business ruin, and even of physical violence, and all the other obstacles and menaces that beset him; or to the men who stood behind and beside him during those years when it meant actual personal danger to do so.

To the outside world, the result of the recent city election was a victory of the Republicans, a proof of this, that, or the other thing about woman suffrage, or what else you

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please. To those who have known Chicago during the past twenty years, these things, important enough in their way, are of less real consequence and significance than the fact that the work of the Municipal Voters' League, which went on calmly and steadily through all the uproar, brought again its due reward in "the best City Council in twenty years." Let the Mayor be who or what he may, Chicago is really governed by its Board of Aldermen.

How was it done? The process was so simple as to be almost laughable; so simple and so easy that it can be duplicated in any other American community—any community that has the right sort of brave and unselfish men to put it into operation. Just publicity—that is all. Each year for twenty years this group of men has fearlessly and ruthlessly taken stock of the candidates for the Board of Aldermen, fine-combed the record of each, and told the people, without regard to party affiliation or other extraneous considerations, what it discovered. National issues were ignored as if they had not been. The one question was: What sort of Alderman will this man make for your ward and for the city of Chicago? He might be a Prohibitionist, a Socialist, a Democrat, a Republican, white, black, or brown; no matter—that was entirely beside the point. Was he a reasonably clean and honest man, likely to devote himself with integrity and intelligence to the business of the city? The facts bearing on this question, so far as they could be learned by diligent inquiry, were set before the people, and the people did the rest. Slowly at first, but with generally accelerating force, with now and then a setback, conditions improved. The people learned to repose great confidence in the reports of the League; the political machines learned to fear and to hate it, and to make their nominations with a wholesome dread of the League's recommendations.

The work has been absolutely a volunteer work, spontaneous in origin and tributary to the interests of no national party, no class or clique, no politico-business interest. It has held strictly to its purpose, refusing all side-issues, all collateral temptations. The city of Chicago as a great business enterprise, deserving the best of its citizens, and demanding a high degree of capacity and honesty in its Aldermanic directorate—to that subject the League devoted its efforts exclusively. It has not wearied in all these years. Whereas most such enterprises flash for a time and then die, out of discouragement and moral fatigue or internal discord, this one has never flagged in its grim and single-hearted devotion to the welfare of the city. Year after year it has done its unpicturesque work of investigation, made its report, and then subsided into the background for another twelvemonth. Its leaders have asked nothing for themselves. So far as we recall, not one man active in the work of the League has ever stood for office, or otherwise exhibited the slightest disposition to capitalize for himself the public confidence in the work of the League. Never has a taint of selfishness or ulterior purpose been even seriously alleged.

One thing most significant and hopeful is the change in the standard of the League as to the approval of candidates. Whereas in the early days the main stress was laid negatively upon mere personal honesty—candidates must not be thieves—increasingly during succeeding years the test of *capacity* has been emphasized; Chicago now demands that her Aldermen shall be not only honest but able. For twenty years, unpaid, often unappreciated, indomitable in purpose, inflexible in honesty, disinterested in method and manner, this little group of men has stood on the fighting-line against corruption, inefficiency, and corporate selfishness. It is a noble record, of which Chicago may well be proud, and in which other communities might well find needed stimulus and example.

ASPECTS OF THE COST OF LIVING.

That an organization of growers and shippers should take steps to reduce the cost of products raised by its members would seem in the natural order of things, but that it should endeavor to lower the price paid by the public is not so easy to believe. This, however, is one of the achievements of the Florida League. Some of the members of this association conceived the daring idea of attempting to bring about a reduction in the price of grapefruit on dining-cars. The matter was taken up by the League, and one railway after another has accepted the suggestion. After this, almost anything will appear possible. For here were the consumer's two enemies, the producer and the middleman, combined as if to make his lot utterly unendurable, yet using their power to mitigate it. The impression has been that the consumer's hope lay in a falling out between these two. Get the producer to quarrelling with the shipper, and the retailer might be able to obtain his vegetables and fruits at a cut-throat figure that would enable him to supply his regular customers at a welcome discount from the usual prices.

Occasional disagreements between producer and shipper there have been, but they have not threatened to multiply to the extent necessary to brighten the consumer's sky permanently. He has had, therefore, to resort to the old tactics of dividing his foes and conquering them singly. Against which one should he proceed first? The producer was far away, and seemed ever farther. The middleman, on the contrary, was in the next block, and the next one to that, and so on in a well-nigh interminable line back to the farmer. Another reason for attacking the middleman first was that the producer was supposed to be almost as much of a victim of his cruelties as the consumer. To assail the middleman, therefore, was doubly advantageous: it was convenient, and it might bring in the producer as an ally. On these lines the battle was planned, and in some quarters the celebration of the middleman's Waterloo was on the point of beginning. But the victory has not come off. The middleman has stood his ground firmly. And now we are told that he is not the consumer's enemy, after all. One of the latest of the voices to be raised in behalf of a criticised occupation is that of a disinterested person, a university professor, who, belonging to the consuming class, might have been expected to denounce the middleman in language no less vigorous, if more dignified, than that employed by the unscholastic buyer of bread and meat.

The striking feature of the chapter on the middleman in the book, "Lowering Living Costs in Cities," by Prof. Clyde Lindon King, of the University of Pennsylvania, is his defence of the middleman with criticism of the producer. Look, he says, at what the middlemen do. The country buyer locates the produce, assembles it in car lots, chooses the best market, and finds the buyer for it. He takes the risk of falling prices and of misrepresentations by farmers from whom he purchases. The wholesale receiver, the jobber, the commission merchant, and the retailer must assume risks and be specialists in their various functions. Nor does the commission charged seem excessive to Professor King. The total charges for selling through commission men, including hauling and freight, do not exceed 10 per cent., and even so are materially less than formerly. The part played by commission men in furnishing credit and advancing money to producers must not be overlooked. Middlemen are not without fault. They misrepresent the quality of the produce they have received, report half the chickens dead when only 5 per cent. of them were so, and

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form interlocking directorates with one another, as of commission merchant with retailer. But they are not to be eliminated at a stroke as superfluous agencies. If the route between farm and kitchen is to be shortened, it must be by a revolution in existing usages relating to sorting, packing, standardizing, and conserving food products. There must be improved terminal shipping and storing facilities.

In examining the middleman's faults, however, we come upon the sins of the farmer. Why has the middleman to charge as much as he does for grading and packing? Partly because the over-thrifty producer has put the big strawberries on top and little ones all the way down, and this has necessitated a regrading and repacking. In addition, it tempts the middleman to try to cheat the farmer, and the game is played by both to the disadvantage of the consumer. Somebody must grade and pack honestly. The question is merely who it shall be. The farmer has allowed the middleman to assume the task. Professor King also calls attention to the fact that prices are often higher than they need be because they are determined by the cost of keeping up the small, inefficient retail grocery, rather than the better organized and managed "chain" store. Here the consumer's sympathy for the small, independent dealer would be apt to get the better of his sense of grievance at the middleman. Naturally, a chain of shops can be operated more economically than so many independent shops. The buying can be done at better advantage. Economies found profitable in one shop can be extended to all. Savings thus effected are going, however, not to the consumer, but to the owners of the chain stores. If one chain could be pitted against another, the consumer might reap a reward. But will he contemplate with satisfaction the wiping out of the small, independent shop, that would be involved in this?

TROLLOPE'S CENTENARY.

It is not strange that while Anthony Trollope, the centenary of whose birth was celebrated last week, easily holds fourth place among Victorian novelists, his name is scarcely as familiar as even Reade, Blackmore, or Kingsley. Each of these wrote one novel which is all but universally read, while Trollope's half-dozen best books stand on the same level of solid but undistinguished excellence. Take away "Lorna Doone," "The Cloister and the Hearth," and "Westward Ho!" and Blackmore, Reade, and Kingsley are infinitely reduced in fame; take away "Barchester Towers," "The Warden," and "The Small House at Allington," and we still have "Framley Parsonage," "The Last Chronicle of Barset," and at least two or three others. It is characteristic of a writer whose great merit was complete grasp of the usual, that he produced no unusual book. And it is natural that his appeal should persist in plodding, sturdy fashion. In his own time, when his patient, robust directness was in sharp contrast with Dickens's pictorial humor, with Thackeray's satire and penetration, and with George Eliot's sense of the deeper philosophy of life, he won his audience by making it so intimately acquainted with his characters that it saw in his scenes an extraordinary illusion of life. There are two literary tastes, as Henry James tells us —the taste for emotions of surprise, and that for emotions of recognition. It is the latter that insures life to the clerical series, "Phineas Finn," "The Bertrams," and "The Claverings."

Trollope's outstanding excellence is the verisimilitude of his individual characters. Only one or two—Mrs. Proudie, Archdeacon Grantley, Mr. Harding—are creations of the first order; but all are concentrations of human nature and sober truth. The composite picture he gives of the clergy, the aristocracy, the administrative and civil service classes, of some political groups, is admirable; but it arises from his expertness with the humors and foibles of typical individuals. His style is unassuming. Of direct description he has little; of humor and satire, passages that are effective only in a lumbering way; while the sharp reaction to life which demands an analytic probing of character, an ironic rather than a comfortable philosophy of existence, he never seemed to feel. His plots are homely, and carried forward with heavy-footed vigor. Though he insisted that having a story to tell was the first prerequisite to writing, his stories amount to little. The love element is almost always the "eternal triangle." His social situations seldom depart from the simplicity of his first book, "The Warden," which is merely the narrative of an old man, happy in a church sinecure with a large salary, who becomes the object of attack by reformers, and ends by himself being convinced that he is wrong and by resigning. But the slow pace is not tedious, the broad outlines are furnished with detail by an inexhaustible flow of illustrative incident and a command of wonderfully faithful and animated dialogue. Exactly how a villain like Mr. Crosbie feels after he has been thrashed by the lover of the girl he jilts; exactly what the new bishop says in private to his wife after he has put down his impudent enemies; what Mr. Moulder says as he carves the turkey so admirably—Trollope tells us with knowledge and sympathy. It was this that attracted Hawthorne, who wrote that the novels, at the antipodes from his own fanciful work, "precisely suit my taste—solid and substantial, written on the strength of beef and the inspiration of ale, and just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going unconcerned about their business."

And there is something in Trollope typical of the whole realm of the English novel. He lacks the higher endowments of precision, taste, form, intellectual penetration. One can imagine Flaubert's exclamation if he had read Trollope's naïve admission that the best plot he ever invented—"Orley Farm"—"had the fault of declaring itself and thus coming to an end in the middle of the tale." It is easy to imagine Meredith's opinion, or that of French novelists, of the large-fisted, undiscriminating handling of the brush with which Trollope elaborates an incident or figure, or of the vast fluidity of his output—novel after novel turned out at scheduled rate. But he has wholesomeness, kindliness, gusto; a keen sense of the moral values of character, and for what constitutes human interest; and if his arrangement of what he writes fails in artistry, he has under his hands a wealth of material such as many of greater deftness lack. In his methods of composition is exhibited a typically British character. He was a fox hunter who defended his sport valiantly; he bore a prominent part in the improvement of the British postal service; he travelled on four continents; he loved the publishers, clubs, and dinner parties of the metropolis. But he had his imagination under such control that he wrote for hours in the train, and in his ocean trips had a desk fixed for him in his stateroom. As mere industry, his habit of blocking each novel into so many days' work, and doing each part in the allotted period, has something respectable; as evidence of his ability to exclude from his mind at will all but the sorrows of Lily Dale or the love affairs of the three clerks, it is admirable. He tells how naturally and fully he felt what he wrote. "I have lived with my characters, and thence has come whatever success I have obtained. There is a gallery of them, and of all in that gallery I may say that I

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know the tone of the voice and the color of the hair, every flame of the eye, and the very clothes they wear."

It would be hard to name any definite disciplehood of Trollope, such as Dickens or George Eliot may be said to have left. In the work of Arnold Bennett, of John Ayscough, perhaps even of De Morgan, may be traced Trollopean elements; but his influence is likely to be of a diffused and not readily perceptible sort. His true eye, his genial heart, and honest mind deserve more appreciation than—from the unwieldy character of his work—they are likely to get. It is to be wished that the realists who follow him could profit by his one great error—that of writing too much. He always maintained that his most rapid work was his best, being that in which he was so impregnated with his own creations that his only excitement was to sit with the pen in his hand. But he also warned young writers against the composition that became a habit, and that went on whether the mind had done its necessary preliminary work of observation and reflection or not. Into the pit offered by his facility he fell, and great portions of all that he did are —by any permanent standard—labor lost.

Chronicle of the War

As we write, the second battle of Ypres is still in progress, the result as yet undetermined. Indications are that it will prove to have been one of the fiercest battles of a war unparalleled for ferocity, fiercer even than the fight over the same terrain of last October when a thin line of British troops, greatly over-extended, outnumbered many times, barely withstood the onslaught of the German host and saved Calais. Not until the battle is long over and the memory of it for the casual reader obscured by other struggles will it be possible to see it and the events which led up to it in their true perspective. At present we can only point to certain circumstances and suggest the inferences.

Writing on April 8, we commented on the "feeling out" operations which had been conducted by both sides on the western front and ventured the prophecy that the warfare of the spring would be characterized by offensives undertaken at different points by both sides. German operations along the Yser three weeks ago, when Drei Grachten, on the western bank of the canal, was temporarily occupied by German advance posts, were of this tentative character, intended to discover any weak joint in the enemy's line. Apparently the German General Staff came to the conclusion that such a joint had been found to the northeast of Ypres, on the Allied salient, where a body of French territorial troops formed the link between the British army on the right and the Belgians on the left. Offensive operations of the character that we have seen since the commencement of spring—in the Champagne, at Neuve Chapelle, and on the German salient at St. Mihiel—are not undertaken on the spur of the moment. Large bodies of troops and enormous quantities of artillery are concentrated on a narrow front. Neuve Chapelle was the result of some weeks of careful preparation; the German answer to Neuve Chapelle at Ypres must have been prepared in advance with equal care.

In view, then, of the present German offensive, it would seem that we should interpret the successful British attack on Hill 60 not so much, as we suggested last week, in connection with the previous attack at Neuve Chapelle, as in the light of German preparations further to the north. That a German attack was contemplated somewhere on the line of the Yser, having for its object the occupation of Ypres, the "Key to Calais," was, we must assume, observed by the British, and the seizure of the important strategic position on Hill 60 was a move to anticipate the German offensive and render the British position at Ypres more secure on the southern side.

What exactly is the situation as we write can hardly be determined from contradictory official and unofficial accounts, and by the time these lines appear in print the position may have radically changed. The initial German offensive apparently began on Thursday, and was launched from the general direction of Poelkapelle and Passchendaele, on a front of not more than two miles, eastwards against the Yser Canal. The attack was inaugurated, as is freely admitted by the Germans themselves, with the dissemination, by some means or other, of poisonous gases over the lines of the enemy. The French holding this portion of the line were forced to retreat, and the first rush of the Germans carried them on to Langemarck, to Pilkelm, to Steenstraate and Het Sas, and to Lizerne, on the western bank of the Yser Canal. Supporting the successful attack on the north, further offensives were undertaken on the following days from the same general direction towards the southwest, which resulted in the capture of St. Julien. That the Allied line was not pierced but only bent seems to have been due to the quick recovery of the Canadians, who were holding the British left, which had to face north and extend to the west beyond St. Julien.

A counter-offensive, undertaken by the Allies, appears, as we write, to have regained some of the lost ground. Lizerne, the most important point occupied by the Germans, since it commands both the passage of the Yser and the main road between Dixmude and Ypres, appears to have changed hands two or three times, but was reported reoccupied by the Belgians on Tuesday. Het Sas was also officially reported by Sir John French to have been recovered by the French, and the Field-Marshal spoke of the British offensive making progress near St. Julien, and to the west of that place. Indications are, therefore, that the German rush has been stayed and a strong counter-offensive initiated by the Allies. By this time the latter will have been able to bring up powerful reinforcements, and it is possible that they may be able to recover most of the lost ground. That they should do so is highly desirable, as from their present positions the Germans are able to subject Ypres to heavy bombardment.

Foreign Correspondence

THE AMERICAN NOTE ON THE BLOCKADE—THE DRINK QUESTION—MILITANT CLERICS—DR. LYTTELTON'S TROUBLES.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, April 8.

Two topics are very much in the air at present, the recent American Note and the Drink Question. I shall not attempt to discuss the international and legal bearings of the former, or even to make any assertion as to the general British attitude in regard to it. I do, however, feel justified in saying that, in the circles with which I am most familiar, the impression produced has been distinctly favorable. The friendly and considerate tone of the Note is cordially recognized; the American argument as to innocent cargoes for neutral ports is seen to be reasonable as well as temperately expressed. It is felt that the Allies should do their utmost to meet the wishes of the United States, and should not draw too hard and fast a line of military necessity. On the other hand, it is hoped that the United States will recognize the distinction between international law and international equity, and not insist too much on the letter as opposed to the spirit. Mr. Arthur Balfour has elaborated this point in a statement already circulated in America. It is believed that there is ample room for practical compromise between two countries animated by a mutual friendship limited only by the necessity of self-preservation.

On the drink question, too, I have only a few words to say here, though undoubtedly it is a topic to which I shall have to return. The suddenness with which the proposal of partial or even complete prohibition has dominated the stage of practical politics almost outruns all precedent. The avowed intention of the King, Lord Kitchener, and other important personages and corporations to forego the use of alcohol during the continuance of the war has evoked an extraordinarily wide and immediate response. So strong, indeed, is this self-denying movement that one is almost flattered into the hope that the spirit of volunteering, already so successful vis-à-vis of the conscript armies of Europe, may enjoy an equal success in producing a counterpart to the Russian and French decrees prohibiting vodka and absinthe. In any case it may, I think, be taken for granted that Government will not, at present, go in for total prohibition; the suspension or at least the drastic control of the sale of spirits is a degree more likely.

A keen controversy has been going on lately as to whether or not the younger and more lusty members of the clergy are justified in becoming soldiers. It is, of course, eminently natural that the idea of the clerical soldier should be repugnant to those who take a strictly sacramental view of the office of the priesthood, as well as to those who shudder at the descent from spiritual consoler to slayer of men. Even though we may personally consider the question one for the individual to decide, we regard the foregoing attitude with all respect, and have no desire to molest it by argument. Some of the reasons brought forward against the soldier cleric seem, however, much more vulnerable. Perhaps the most singular of all is the contention that

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the clergyman at his ordination becomes an official representative of an international society—*viz.*, the Catholic Church—and that he is therefore deprived of the right to act in a purely national capacity. Unless, however, we are willing to divide Christians into two classes, surely this plea should apply equally to all Christians who recognize themselves as members one of another? Theoretically we should also have to allow that the similar contention of the International Labor Party is equally valid; and the net result would be that the only men left to fight would be agnostics and atheists of independent means—a consummation assuredly beyond the hopes of the most devout of wishers!

However, the archbishops and bishops, as they were almost inevitably bound to do, have frowned on the idea of clerical enlistment; and there the matter rests. If a curate joins the army, he does so at his own risk, and receives no assurance that his old place will be kept open for him. Many more clerics have offered themselves as chaplains at the front than the War Office appears to want; and it seems a pity that such men could not be utilized as stretcher-bearers, orderlies to medical officers, and so on.

The nonconformist authorities, so far as I know, have laid no embargo on their ministers; and, apparently, a much larger proportion of them is now in the ranks. The ministers of Glasgow have, I understand, formed themselves into a regiment for home defence; and a further proof of the warlike spirit of the Scottish Church is afforded by the information given us by the Rev. Duncan Cameron of Kilsyth that 90 per cent. of the Sons of the Manse are now serving in the army or navy. The Oratory School at Edgbaston can boast that 250 out of 430 old boys of military age have joined the colors. The fact that the French army contains 20,000 priests and "religious" is, perhaps, hardly to the point, as they have been enrolled without option, and purely in their capacity as "citoyens." One of the most interesting letters evoked by the controversy was from a private soldier at the front, telling of the good effect of a clerical "Tommy" in his company.

Naturally connected with the general subject of the legitimate scope of ecclesiastical activity is the question whether or not our clergy are playing well their part in their normal sphere. On the whole, it may be said that the Church, in this country, while scarcely taking as positive and vital an attitude as its best friends might have wished, has yet accepted the situation as unavoidable, and has refrained from an excessive recourse to the conventional and theoretical censure of war. One or two of our leading clerics have lately, however, had the misfortune to run counter to the national current of opinion and have brought something like a storm on their innocent but slightly tactless heads. It is, however, open to question how far this is a tempest in a tea-cup raised by a sensation-loving press. Thus, Dr. Lang, the Archbishop of York, has exposed himself to remonstrance on account of his dwelling on our casualty lists, without any counterbalancing recognition of the essentially religious nature of the heroic act of the man who gives his life freely for his country and for the ideal he believes his country to represent. Much more widespread, however, has been the agitation over a sermon preached by Dr. Lyttelton at the Church of St. Margaret's, Westminster, on March 25. As the headmaster of Eton, which may be said to occupy among our schools the same position as Oxford among our universities, Dr. Lyttelton fills, perhaps, a more prominent national position than any other schoolmaster in the world, and is, consequently, a shining mark for the critic or sensation-monger. When, therefore, he dwelt on the Christian duty of loving our enemies and on the general un-Christianity of war, without seeming sufficiently to discriminate between the right side and the wrong, he became at once the target of a storm of criticism, ranging from mild regret at his want of judgment up to blunt accusations of pro-Germanism—the latter, it is needless to say, quite preposterous in the eyes of all who know the man himself or the patriotic record of his distinguished family.

Numerous defenders also rushed into the fray, and among their letters to the press not the least cheering to Dr. Lyttelton himself must have been the spontaneous confession of faith in him sent to the *Times* by the three leading boys at Eton—the president of the Eton Society, the captain of the School, and the captain of the Oppidans.

Dr. Lyttelton's own subsequent explanations make the imbroglio rather worse than otherwise. He stated, for instance, that though preaching to an English audience, he used the word "love" in the sense of the original Greek of which it was a translation, and meant it to be equivalent to "help into a better relation to God." His critics, on their side, promptly translated this into "mend their behavior," and argued that a resolute pursuance of the war was the only available method of doing this, and that the Germans themselves would eventually thank us if we rescued them from the yoke of Prussian Junkerdom. When he complained that he was misunderstood, the retort was obvious; a man in his position should keep silence rather than say anything that was in the least liable to dangerous misconstruction. His argument, that no peace would be any good unless we were prepared to act on the principle that every nation should freely trust every other, led him to the somewhat Arcadian suggestion that we might internationalize Gibraltar while the Germans internationalized the Kiel Canal. This malapropos illustration, while exasperating the British, did not even have the merit of satisfying the Germans, who naturally enough felt there was little analogy between the Kiel Canal, lying wholly within German territory, and Gibraltar, some nine hundred miles from the nearest point of England. On the other hand, they express their approval of what they characterize as Dr. Lyttelton's exposure of English hypocrisy.

The superficial importance of this incident has been greatly exaggerated, but it may possibly be a symptom of a more permanent and significant anomaly than has as yet been recognized. Tradition and convention still demand that the heads of our great public schools should be in holy orders, though it is evident that they are not expected to manage these institutions on doctrinaire Christian principles. A clergyman, however, must at times (especially in moments of depression) remind himself that he is officially bound to uphold the creed of turning the other cheek to the smiter; and when he does so at such a crisis as this he manifestly throws himself out of gear as an instructor of England's budding subalterns. A lay headmaster of Eton would have had no temptation—hardly even an opportunity—to provoke this clash between the national sense of righteous indignation and what to many seems a somewhat sickly cast of Christianity. Is not, then, a clerical headmaster a somewhat ineffective and handicapped Hamlet in dealing with the dislocations of a period so totally different from that in which his dual rôle was first invented?

SWISS AID FOR PRISONERS AND REFUGEES—THE ARMY AND THE PRESS—TURKS IN EXILE.

GENEVA, March 19.

Switzerland, which has been so active in aiding prisoners of war and those crossing its territory to be repatriated, is now engaged in a more painful and a costly undertaking. As the Germans are providing against an even greater scarcity of provisions, they are expelling large numbers of civilians from the conquered region of France. These people are more destitute and are far more numerous than the voluntary "réinternés." They arrive—a thousand every day—at Schaffhausen, and under the supervision of army officers and the Red Cross are brought to Geneva, whence they are taken by tramway to the neighboring French town of Annemasse, which lies just across the Swiss frontier. From Annemasse they are distributed throughout southern and southwestern France. They are all old men, women, and children, and have lost everything but their ragged clothes. At every important station between Schaffhausen and Geneva they are cared for by the Red Cross and by the sympathetic population. It is a repetition of the charitable hospitality which was shown in 1871, when Bourbaki's disarmed and ragged army poured over the Jura Mountains into Vaud and Neuchâtel. When the trains bringing these martyrs arrive at Geneva, more than a thousand people are at the railway station to meet them. Nearly every one has something to offer—clothing, food, or money. Well-to-do children bring quantities of chocolate and toys for the younger emigrants, while many tearful adults empty their pockets at the sight. The enthusiasm of the *expulsés* is indescribable. As the tram conveys them through the streets of Geneva, there are great wavings of the French flag and cries of "Vive la Suisse!"

During the month of February the Swiss agency for prisoners of war mailed to the French confined in Germany 153,004 money-orders, representing the sum of 2,037,685 francs; and to the Germans confined in France 21,137 orders, representing the sum of 374,311 francs. From the beginning of September to the end of February, 7,380,140 francs were forwarded by the same agency to the French, and 2,023,093 francs to the German prisoners of war. During that period, in addition to money, 535,836 packages were sent to the French, and 317,447 to the Germans. Reports received at Geneva concerning the Russian prisoners of war show that the latter have received very little from home during their captivity. For example, in a prison camp situated at Lechfeld, in Bavaria, in one month 5,000 French received 54,000 francs by postal orders, while 3,000

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Russians received only 63 francs. In view of this neglect, a committee has been formed at Bern to give special assistance to the Russian prisoners. A Swiss correspondent reports that the fare given to all the captives is the same, but that the Russians, not being supplied with butter, used, instead, grease which was intended for the prisoners' boots.

A trial involving the relations between the Swiss army and the press has lately caused some excitement. The directors of a socialistic and anti-militaristic paper, *La Sentinelle*, at La Chaux-de-Fonds, were accused of uttering grave calumnies against a battalion of the army. Col. Sumer, addressing the soldiers last autumn, just before an election, said that, while the civil authorities of the Socialist party were asking money for their propaganda, Swiss soldiers were offering their lives to defend their country. A group of men in a battalion recruited from La Chaux-de-Fonds, which is an important Socialist as well as watch-making centre, at once sent a subscription to aid the circulation of *La Sentinelle* and its political addresses. Thereupon the paper described the gift as a protest against the colonel's words. The editors were tried by a military court, accused of imputing insubordination to the soldiers, and thus casting discredit upon the army. A mass meeting was held at Lausanne to protest against a military trial. The accused were tried, but acquitted through a technical flaw in the indictment, although they were reprimanded by the court; but the Federation had to pay the costs. Paul Graber, one of the accused editors, is a schoolmaster at La Chaux-de-Fonds, a member of the National Council, a prominent Socialist, and a very popular speaker and writer. His colleague was defended by Charles Naine, who had already been punished for refusing to perform military service.

An interesting group of foreigners has for some time been living at Geneva. They are Turks who held high offices under the régime of Abdul Hamid, *le sultan rouge*. Most of them are men "of a certain age" who do not wear the fez, but who have the air of kings in exile. They, as well as the many Egyptians at Geneva who belong to the party of "Young Egypt," have been watching events in the Near East with mingled feelings; but the movements on the canal and about Constantinople evidently do not encourage them to fish in those troubled political waters. One of the Turks is a certain famous pasha of whom neither Bulgarians nor Armenians have agreeable recollections.

The fighting in lower Alsace, near the frontier, has revived in Switzerland the old discussion as to the distance at which the sound of heavy artillery fire can be heard. There are numerous testimonies of those in the interior of the country who say that they have heard the firing at a distance of eighty miles, in a direction and at a time which forbade the supposition that the sound came from Swiss guns at practice. One observer reports that he heard on the summit of one of the Vaudois Alps the noise of an Alsatian battle; and another says that on one quiet day in the autumn he was on the Sateve near Geneva when he heard firing which he afterwards learned was from an engagement not far from Basel. A few of the army men consider this quite probable, but certain professors of physical science are skeptical, and one psychologist declares that the phenomenon was subjective, a result of "expectant attention."

A. A.

Italy's Lost Provinces

A STUDY OF THE PROBLEM OF THE ADRIATIC AND OF ITALY'S UNREDEEMED PROVINCES IN THE LIGHT OF RECENT ITALIAN WRITINGS.

By HOMER EDMISTON.

I.

If ever a man had a right to say "I told you so," with legitimate satisfaction, it is the Hon. Salvatore Barzilai, who is a native of Triest, and since 1890 Member of Parliament for the Fifth Roman College. Ever since the unnatural, though necessary, alliance of Italy with Germany and Austria was formed, he has been warning his countrymen of its dangers, limitations, and, above all, of its essentially transitory character. His utterances on this subject, extending over a period of twenty-five years, exhibit that rarest kind of consistency which is the product of combined courage and wisdom. A few months after the war broke out he published in book form a selection of his speeches and occasional writings on this general theme, the earliest bearing the date of October, 1890, and the latest that of November, 1914.* In 1906 he warned his countrymen that Italy could not engage to become the enemy of enemies that Germany might make in the future; that Germany in the past had not hesitated to make secret compacts that partly or wholly neutralized her public treaties; and that Austria's ambitions in the Balkans were a constant menace to the friendly relations between Italy and the Dual Monarchy. In 1912 he said openly in Parliament that the old commercial routes, Rome-Vienna-Constantinople and Rome-Vienna-Warsaw-St. Petersburg, must be broken, and that a new route through Brindisi and a Servian port on the Adriatic should take its place, and renew the traditions of Italian commerce in the Levant. The studied insolence and injustice with which Austria has treated her Italian subjects since 1866, and the hostility she has in the same time more or less openly shown to the Italian nation, have drawn from him indignant protests and impressive warnings. On the other hand, less than a year before the outbreak of the European war, he declared, as he had often done before, that if by Irredentism were understood a policy of adventure, out of all relation to existing conditions in Italy and in Europe, a policy of vengeance to be wreaked by force of arms, which presupposed a great European conflict, then Irredentism was not in the programme of any political party or of any Italian statesman. If, however, by Irredentism were meant a constant and active sympathy with those peoples who might by the harsh logic of events be withheld from a participation in the state, but who were not and could not be deprived of their share in ancient traditions and affections; if by Irredentism were meant the obligation, the necessity of constant and active support of those whose names others wished to strike off from the roll of the European community and of the Italian family, then Irredentism is, or should be, the policy of the entire nation.

When the war came, not by the fault but against the wish of Italy, such a man could take but one stand:

> Now that the tremendous conflict has been precipitated by the will and premeditation of our former allies; now that the alliance has by their deed been emptied of all meaning and effect, and becomes in very truth a scrap of paper destined to figure in the museum of our disillusions; now any ingenuous sophistry would in vain seek to cancel recent history, and to blind the consciousness of Italians to the whole truth of the national problem, which, if it shall not be solved during this war, will remain unsolved forever.

II.

The annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, and even more the Balkan wars, brought the whole problem of the settlement of eastern Europe, with which is indissolubly connected the question of the Adriatic and of the Italian provinces subject to Austria, into bold relief. Among Servians, Rumanians, and Italians, both within and without their national confines, renewed fears, hopes, and animosities showed themselves unmistakably. It is noteworthy that three important books bearing on the question of Italy's "unredeemed" provinces were published in 1914 before the outbreak of the war.

One of these, by an anonymous author, has already taken rank as an historical work of exceptional merit.* The publishers, in a prefatory note dated November, 1914, tell us that the writer is a Dalmatian, and that at the time when the pages he had written, but not revised or corrected, were offered to the public, he had been sent, in a war in which his country's fate will be decided, to fight under the Austrian banner in Poland or Galicia. He had sent his manuscript in the month of July, and since that time nothing had been heard from him.

His book is divided into three parts under the sub-titles, "The Adriatic in Geography," "The Adriatic in History," and "The Adriatic in Politics." The geographical study is particularly searching and minute, and although the importance of geography in historical science has long been a commonplace, I suspect that the general reader will not, before the perusal of this chapter, have realized how much the strange history of the Adriatic region has been due to its strange geographical and hydrographical conformation. Readers of Mr. Horatio Brown's fascinating volume, "Life on the Lagoons," know how the strength, security, nay, the very existence, of the city of Venice depended on the peculiar character of the lagoons themselves, and on the configuration of the upper Adriatic, which per-

**Dalla Triplice Alleanza al Conflitto Europeo. Discorsi Parlamentari e Scritti Vari*, di Salvatore Barzilai. Roma: Tipografia Editrice Nazionale. Lire 8.50.

**L'Adriatico. Studio geografico, storico e politico.* Anonymous. Milano: Fratelli Treves, Editori. Lire 5.

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mitted the action of the tides therein. In this respect Venice is the type of the whole sea, with its dependent territory, of which she became mistress and queen.

Prerequisite to a competent study of the problem of the Adriatic, hard to be solved but imperiously demanding a solution, is a realization of the historical fact that a stable settlement of this region has always been difficult to achieve and to maintain. The Romans first, and the Venetians after them, but no others, gave a strong and durable government to the "wrathful Adriatic," as Horace calls it, which has seemed to impart its rage to the lands subjected to its influence. Geography is assuredly here, if ever, a determining element in history; and it is perhaps in this portion of his work that our Scriptor Ignotus displays at their best his fineness of insight and powers of analysis.

The outstanding characteristic of the Adriatic country is its comparative poverty, especially on the eastern coast, which has, on the other hand, one difference in its favor, that it possesses, with the sole exception of Venice, the only good commercial and military harbors that the entire region can boast. The eastern coast of Italy, though richer than the opposite, or Dalmatian, Adriatic shore, is much poorer than the western, which, with Tuscany, Latium, and Campania, has always given to both the Adriatic shores the only civilization they have ever known. For Venice was the inheritor, harmonizer, and perpetuator of the Roman tradition in both the Eastern and Western Empires. And situated at the outlet of the great Po Valley, the only naturally rich country to which the Adriatic can lay claim, but which in Roman times was a swampy and uninhabitable wilderness, she was destined, once the forests were cleared and the swamps drained, to dominate the great commercial route between the Orient and Occident. But the force of the barbarian inroads must spend itself before the city could flourish, or even exist, except as an obscure fishing village. Precisely on account of the lack of a strong natural barrier against the valley of the Danube, which is now one of the difficulties in the determination of a political boundary, the Roman Empire was most exposed on this side. Goths, Huns, Slavs, Avars, and Turks invaded Italy through the easy passes between the Julian Alps and the Carsus, and in the Carsus range itself. The Venetians, these dangers passed, soon acquired a complete dominion over the Adriatic as a condition of the very existence of their commercial empire, and the *pax Venetiana*, which lasted to the end of the eighteenth century, gave as much security as, and far more civilization than, ever did the *pax Romana*.

Under the Roman Empire the Adriatic, its upper basin being politically and industrially undeveloped, was little more than a great lake, its shores thronged with watering-places and lordly private villas. But with the trade and travel which the Crusades set in motion once under way, it came to resemble an immense city thoroughfare lined on both sides with shops and warehouses. It is, indeed, as our author observes, a commercial highway rather than a social or political centre. Such a thing as an Adriatic state is inconceivable. Its Dalmatian side, for the most part of difficult access to the Balkans, is, on the contrary, divided only by the narrow waters from Italy. And since the Italian peninsula is, as Mommsen observes, a westward-looking land, as distinguished from Greece, which is turned to the East, the Adriatic coast of the Balkan peninsula, though geographically united to Greece, belongs politically, socially, and economically to the western Mediterranean.

The fall of Venice, inevitable though it was, and the consequence of weakness and corruption, was a disaster to the Adriatic region from which it has not yet recovered. The tragic significance of it to the whole civilized world is signally apparent from the literature of the time; but the utter desperation of the subject cities on the Dalmatian side, as a minor episode in the great Napoleonic epos, has a correspondingly slight place in history. Venice, in her empire over a mixed population of Latins, Greeks, and Slavs, had always relied upon the former element, and her wisdom was justified by the ease with which the other races were Latinized. When the Serenissima was about to fall, twelve thousand Dalmatians who had been brought to her defence, and who were determined to die before the glorious city should submit to the outrageous insolence of the invader, were embarked by order of the Council and sent away. In vain Count Viscovich of Perasto (observe the Slavic name) headed his ship for the French frigate that had forced the inner harbor. At Zara the banner of St. Mark was borne into the Duomo, and when the *De Profundis* had been intoned, was kissed by the grief-stricken citizens and solemnly buried. At Perasto the so oft victorious emblem, also with funereal solemnities, was deposited under the high altar of the cathedral, and thus assimilated to the hallowed relics of the saints.

Such desperate affection is enough to prove that the slurs maliciously cast by Napoleon and some French writers of his time on the proud name of the fallen city were not entirely deserved. But still better evidence was to come after the conqueror himself had shared the fate of the Republic that had succumbed to the first vigor of his onset. Even in her enslavement to the Austrian, Venice was still "the eldest child of liberty." When the first agitations began, about the year 1820, that were to issue in the union and independence of Italy, their centre was the Adriatic country once dominated by the Most Serene Republic. And among the first martyrs of the Risorgimento were numbered Venetians, Dalmatians, and Istrians.

This anonymous volume from beginning to end gives plain indication both of a thorough and painstaking study of the whole history of the Adriatic from the earliest times down, and of deep reflection on the philosophy of history that underlies the external facts. It is obviously not an original study of the sources, though the sources have been laboriously and judiciously used. After the manner of Mommsen's History of Rome, there are no references or footnotes, and hardly even an allusion to the works of other authors. Of course, it is always impossible to say how much such omissions are due to the author and how much to the publisher. At any rate, they do not in this book detract from an effect of extraordinary objectivity. The author is a Dalmatian Italian, who would naturally be glad to see his country united to the Kingdom of Italy. But both in his judgments and in his manner of expressing them he shows an exemplary moderation. He speaks of the Austrian system of government, and likewise of Italian and Slav aspirations, with the calm impartiality of a disinterested critic.

His final and general conclusion is, first, that, as history has abundantly proved, the Adriatic must be dominated by one Power, and, secondly, that that Power must be Italy. Other countries may at the same time occupy an Adriatic coastline, and he fully admits the justice of the claims of a greater Servia in this regard. But Italy, which is the only rich country touched by its waters, has on her side an unprotected coast; the opposite side, rich in defensible harbors, is without natural resources, and is separated by natural barriers from the Balkans. Therefore, enough of these harbors must be in the possession of Italy to secure her an unquestioned maritime supremacy. This, some will object, is only the Italian thesis. But I believe that a careful reading of the book will convince the impartial outsider that the Austrian, which means German, rule on the Adriatic is unnatural and injurious, and that the author's conclusion as to the necessity of Italian supremacy is a safe geographical, ethnographical, and historical truth. May he escape the perils of a war in which he is fighting for an alien cause, and live to adorn the intellectual life of a greater Italy!

III.

The Hohenlohe decrees of August, 1913, by which Italian citizens employed in the public services of Trieste were summarily dismissed, aroused public opinion in Italy from its long indifference to the sufferings of Italians under Austrian rule. The *Corriere della Sera* of Milan sent Luigi Barzini, and the *Stampa* of Turin, Virginio Gayda, to investigate and report on conditions in the Trentino and in the Adriatic provinces. The latter, who had conducted his researches beyond the limits imposed by newspaper articles, embodied his results in a book of nearly five hundred pages, published shortly before the outbreak of the war.* More than the work of an Italian pleading the cause of his unhappy compatriots, this book is an exhaustive statistical monograph on the ac-

**L'Italia d'oltre confine (Le provincie italiane d'Austria)*, di Virginio Gayda. Torino: Fratelli Bocca, Editori. Lire 5.

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tual facts. The arraignment of Austrian tyranny and misgovernment is all the more effective because of the calm, dispassionate, even scientific, character of the treatise. In the whole long recital of insolence and injustice there is no incitement to revenge, hardly even a note of impatience; only the admonitions of outraged patriotism and honesty.

It has repeatedly been observed, sometimes to the disparagement of Irredentism, that the Austrian are not the only Italian-speaking provinces under foreign rule. Ticino is a Swiss canton, Malta is subject to Great Britain, and Corsica to France; but although Crispi once included them in the Irredentist programme, it has never been seriously proposed to make them a part of Italy. The criteria of differentiation are two: Ticino, Malta, and Corsica are contented and justly governed parts of the countries to which they belong, where no attempt is made to deprive them of the birthright of their language and racial sentiments. Again, whereas, as I have already remarked, the Italian provinces of Austria showed their national feeling spontaneously and unmistakably by taking part in the national revival, the Ticinese, Corsicans, and Maltese remained extraneous to it.

Gayda subdivides his work under the headings of the Austrian provinces that are Italian by race, language, and historical tradition; that is to say, Triest, Istria, Friuli, Dalmatia, and the Trentino. Although there are important differences in detail, especially between the Adriatic provinces and the Trentino, there is everywhere the same tale, at times monotonous, as one reads it in Gayda's carefully documented treatise, of a system of government cunningly contrived, of set purpose and through long years, to denationalize countries that have been for centuries Italian. This has been done, that is, attempted, by depriving Italians of rights and privileges that are enjoyed by every other one of the numerous races included in the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

In the Trentino, properly so called, as distinguished from the Alto Adige above Bolzano, the Italians are in an enormous numerical majority, which can be said of only a few urban centres in the Adriatic districts. Moreover, the non-Italians are not Slavs, as in Friuli, Triest, Istria, and Dalmatia, but almost without exception Germans. At this point, however, it is important to observe that Austria has never recognized the Trentino as a political entity. It merely forms part of the great province of Tyrol, extending from the Bavarian to the Italian frontier, of which the capital and seat of the Provincial Diet is Innsbruck. In this Diet there are sixty-one German members to thirty-five Italian; and where on an average an Italian Deputy represents 29,000 constituents, a German Deputy represents 17,000. The result is that the German element is in full control. To cite only one example, in twenty-four years the Germans have had four million florins for public improvements, the Italians four hundred thousand; and about the same proportion can be verified in other forms of public expense.

But while the political oppressor is always the Austrian Government, the social, or rather the racial, enemy, all the more dangerous because hidden and insidious, is Germany. The Pan-German attack comes from Berlin and Munich much more than from Vienna. Most of the societies organized for the German propaganda are of Austrian origin, but for moral and material support depend very largely on Germany, especially on Bavaria and Prussia. The Schulverein and the Verein für das Deutschtum im Ausland have for their special purpose the diffusion of *Kultur* by schools, clubs, and publications. Other organizations, such as the Südmark, are for sustaining the contest in the economic field, and, working with the aid of German banks, promote German commerce and industry, assist Germans in the purchase of land, and even plant colonies on lands acquired by themselves.

The conditions in the Adriatic provinces are, as I have already said, similar, though with important differences. To take the single instance of Triest. According to the last census, revised, which is to say falsified, by the Government, the population of this city, including the garrison, which is entirely Slav, was 75 per cent. Italian. There are in Triest, Pola, and Görz, for the 26,000 Germans scattered through the region, six intermediate state schools. But there is not to-day in Triest a single Italian state school for liberal studies of any grade. The only liberal Italian schools are maintained by the municipality, not without vexatious interference from the central Government. The city of Triest can afford this form of legal resistance to tyranny. But in poor and sparsely settled districts the foundation and maintenance of Italian schools are entrusted to societies for the protection and extension of Italian culture, of which the foremost are, in Austria the *Lega Nazionale*, in Italy the *Dante Alighieri*.

Another book of extraordinary interest and importance is Ruggero Fauro's "Trieste,"* also published early in 1914. Dealing with the conditions in Triest alone, and being the work of a Triestine of deeply rooted nationalist convictions, it is valuable for the information presented by a vigorous writer who was born to the condition of a denationalized Italian. But even he, though, of course, he upheld the Irredentist cause, and now as a contributor to the *Idea Nazionale* of Rome is for a war of liberation against Austria, did not venture a year ago to advocate the winning of her Italian provinces by force. He maintained that Italy, as a self-respecting member of the Triple Alliance, should insist that the rights of Austria's Italian subjects, ethnical, linguistic, and cultural, be respected as are those of all the other ethnical units that make up the polyglot empire. As to means of resisting the Slavic hordes with which the Government has tried to overwhelm the Italian race and civilization, Signor Fauro recorded his firm conviction that the best weapon for the Italians was that of assimilation. No well-informed Italian denies that there is and has long been a natural and inevitable migration of the southern Slavs towards the Adriatic coast, just as there has been a natural, though much less pronounced, German migration from the Tyrol into the Trentino. But what he affirms and can prove historically is that such uncompelled immigration has always been and can always be absorbed by the Italian populations receiving it. A sufficient proof is the fact that before the Austrians began their anti-Italian policy, the Italians under their government felt no uneasiness or constraint. The Tyrolese and southern Slavs, coming into contact with a richer and higher civilization, quickly succumbed to its influences. And it is a striking fact that of Italian patriots of the Tridentine and Adriatic provinces, some of the best known have had German or Slavic names.

But as Gayda and Fauro show at length and in great detail, what should have been an automatic process of give and take between the country, which sends citywards its ambitious sons, and the city, which absorbs them for its various needs, has in the hands of the Austrian Government become a movement in large part artificial and abnormal. It has been made into a potent and formidable political instrument, into the forced mobilization of an army whose object it is to crush the Italian nationality and civilization. This is a policy that Austria pursues towards no other of the numerous nationalities under her sway. It dates from the time when she ceased her attempt at a rigid German centralization, and began to evince some recognition of the national principle in Hungary, Bohemia, and Galicia. Furthermore, this policy, as Gayda well observes, follows faithfully the course of the Italian national revival. Between 1845 and 1848, when the uprisings began in Italy, twenty thousand Slavs were imported into Triest for the purpose of disintegrating the Italian population. But as yet there was only a fitful and uncertain tendency. The movement begins in earnest after 1866, the year in which the Venetian province was lost. Its cause was rage and jealousy of the only race that had (nearly) freed itself from Austrian rule, and by its preponderance on the Adriatic littoral seemed to threaten the monarchy's communications with the sea. And Triest, being the centre of Italian population in this region, was naturally chosen as the chief objective of the Slav invasion.

The means employed have been simple, brutal, and to a certain extent effective. For the building and operation of a railway seven hundred Slav families were imported and planted in the heart of the city. Similarly, for the construction of the new port of Sant' Andrea, 2,500 Slovene workmen were brought down, and when the work was finished Slovene dock laborers were employed to the exclusion of Italians, and placed with their families in districts where their votes

**Trieste*, di Ruggero Fauro. Roma: Gaetano Garzoni Provenzani, Editore. Lire 3.

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would as far as possible destroy Italian political influence. Thus organized politically and socially, with every kind of governmental favor, the police force and garrison consisting almost entirely of Slavs, they have by an easy transition and suggestion come to regard the Italians as their natural foes.*

In this detestable and characteristic stirring up of race hatred, the Austrian Government has been aided by the spontaneous Jugo-Slav revival, which, beginning early in the nineteenth century, has steadily gathered force and consistency. A chapter by Gayda, entitled Il Risorgimento Slavo, contains an excellent account of it, all the more excellent because he speaks of it with warm sympathy and admiration. When the first attempts to Magyarize Croatia were made, a few scholars and men of letters, whose primary object was to preserve the language, conceived the idea of national unity. But for a long time they were leaders without followers, prophets who must wait to be honored by posterity. The movement did not become popular, curiously enough, until the Government began to use it against the Italians, trying at the same time, however, to make trouble between Serbs and Croats. These two are identically the same race and speak the same language, but the Serbs are for the most part Orthodox, the Croats bigoted Roman Catholics. The Serbs were suspected of treasonably conspiring for a Pan-Slavic union outside the Dual Monarchy; the Croats, allied by religion to the Hapsburg dynasty, were accused by the Serbs of betraying the national and racial cause. In any case, the Austrians found them equally useful against the Italians.

IV.

But the whole situation was suddenly changed by the Balkan wars. Vague and uncertain sentiments and aspirations assumed a definite form after the brilliant and unexpected Servian and Bulgarian victories over a traditional foe. The whole race consciousness was suddenly revealed to itself, and just as suddenly ennobled. "This is a unifying movement," wrote Signor Gayda early in 1914, "calm, serious, and profound, which reveals to us the south Slav races in a new maturity, in a high spiritual beauty, and owns the solemnity that marks the gathering of those great psychological forces from which spring the most revolutionary and decisive facts in history." And in another place:

In the present movement the most impressive feature is the variety of the forms it takes, its progressive, almost orderly development, but, above all, the rapidity with which it has been begun and sent forward, and the frenzied activity that accompanies it. Every day counts a new episode. The work goes on with feverish haste. It all seems like an eagerness not to lose time. There is an instinctive, anxious craving for unity, for putting in readiness all material and intellectual forces, as in the imminence of a great and decisive event.

A prophetic utterance this, which was very soon to be fulfilled.

It is interesting and instructive to compare these works of Fauro and Gayda with those that have been composed in the light, or rather the glare, of the great world crisis. The two most noteworthy are "Trento e Trieste," by Gualtiero Castellini, and "L' Ora di Trieste," by Giulio Caprin.* The former gives a comprehensive view, in brief compass, of the whole question of the redemption of the Tridentine and Adriatic provinces. Written under the stress of hurrying events, with full acknowledgments to Fauro's and Gayda's exhaustive monographs, it has for its avowed object the instruction of the Italian public, whose indifference has been one of the most serious aspects of a many-sided problem, on the duties and responsibilities of the passing hour. "The gravest fault," he avers, "with regard to Irredentism in Italy is that of the Italians themselves. I frankly repeat what I have said before, that if Italians under the foreign yoke had not worked for us, the Italian cause in those lands would now be lost. We have never, or almost never, worked for them."

Castellini's little book has the special merit of beginning with a chapter on the history of the Irredentist movement side by side with that of the Triple Alliance. Crispi, the great paladin of the Triple Alliance, was for a long time the declared foe of Irredentism. His first reason was the urgency of solving the Mediterranean problem in the face of the hostility of France; his second was the inconsistency and incoherence of the Irredentists of that time, who, being either pacifists or subversives, the partisans, that is to say, of inaction or of national disintegration, were not likely to be of much use to a militant cause. Only after 1900, with the student agitations in Italian Austria for an Italian university, did a movement in this sense begin that could enlist the sympathies of the rising generation. In 1908, with Austria's annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, the Triple Alliance underwent the most serious crisis in its history up to that time, and Irredentism was correspondingly reinvigorated. The spring of 1909 saw the foundation of the first journals devoted to the cause of the new Nationalist party, in whose programme Irredentism has been one of the most important factors. And, finally, the great European war suddenly forced the problem upon Italy, to be solved now or never. The only just and final solution would consist in an Italian hegemony over the Adriatic on the basis of an understanding with the Jugo-Slavs and with the elimination of Austria, who has maintained her Adriatic power by the discord of Slavs and Italians, the natural and rightful possessors of these lands and waters. As to the Trentino, no new boundary would be acceptable that did not include the whole of the Alto Adige, which would mean a frontier on the Alpine watershed marked by the Brenner Pass. This would involve the annexation of about a quarter of a million Germans, but for the sake of a scientific frontier the principle of nationality must apparently give way.

Giulio Caprin, the author of "L' Ora di Trieste," is, like two of the writers I have already mentioned, a Triestine by birth and long residence. His book, written after five months of war, is a beautiful piece of Italian prose, abounds in instruction and interest, and is the haughty response of Latin *civilization* to the insolent pretensions of German *Kultur;* but more than this, it embodies the passionate conviction and fervor of those patriots who have hoped against hope, and who, having borne their part in the long extenuating struggle against a foe more merciless and dangerous than an invading army, now behold the hour of their deliverance come, their deliverers armed and ready, but until they see them embattled in the strife, fear the last and fatal disillusion.

*The police regulations put into operation against Italians, whether subjects of Austria or of Italy, are almost incredible. The father of a girl of eleven, who had played the Garibaldi Hymn on her piano, was condemned to fourteen days' imprisonment. It is the law that a foreigner can be expelled from the country if it can be shown that he has ever been condemned for a criminal offence. So a laborer eighty years old, an Italian citizen, who had always lived a blameless life at Triest, was expelled because forty years before in Italy he had been condemned to three days in jail. And it should be noted that Italian subjects are not allowed to save themselves by naturalization.

*_Trento e Trieste_, di Gualtiero Castellini. Milano: Fratelli Treves, Editori. Una lire.

L'Ora di Trieste, di Giulio Caprin. Firenze: Libreria Internazionale A. Beltrami. 95 centesimi.

Notes from the Capital

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

With its long nose and protruding chin, its thin lips, and its deep-set eyes under refractory bushes of brows, the lean, beardless face of William Gibbs McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, has something haunting about it. One is vaguely conscious of having met it somewhere before, and in a foreign environment. As the association takes greater definiteness, its background is seen to be the period of the French Revolution. The suggestion becomes stronger as Mr. McAdoo's spare, close-knit figure stands forth at its full height of more than six feet. A little imagination will clothe him in a high-waisted and long-tailed coat and clinging breeches, wind a fourfold kerchief about his neck, and add enough length to his hair to translate him from the beginning of the twentieth century to the close of the eighteenth; and there we have the *emigré* of 1789, as we find him in pictures or on the stage.

Whatever may be said of his features individually, they combine to produce a shrewd and calculating expression of countenance. Some old friends speak of the Secretary as genial, and on occasion he does bend to mirth. But his is not the sort of merriment that irradiates the whole face; it plays about the mouth without spreading to the eyes. The remark is common among those who come into hostile contact with him that he never flushes when angry. He is equipped with a denunciatory armament before which few men are willing to stand up; but when he has harsh terms to use to a man's face, they seem to come, like his smiles, from his lips, rather than from any well of emotion inside him.

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Possibly these idiosyncrasies will explain, or be explained by his remarkable career. A Southern boy, whose family's fortunes were ruined by the Civil War and who therefore had to build up his own for himself, he did so by binding New Jersey to New York with a tunnel under the Hudson River. The achievement of such a feat must have required something in his composition more solid than jollity of soul or suavity of manner. His mode of attacking this enterprise was thoroughly characteristic. Wasting no time in footless preliminaries, he went straight after the one thing needful. For many years practical engineers had recognized the importance of a tunnel, but shaken their heads, or fallen to wrangling, over every downright proposal to bore one. Young McAdoo was not an engineer. He was not dismayed by the difficulties to be overcome as he might have been if he had known more about the details of the task he was setting himself. What he did know was that there were a multitude of engineers and a myriad of laborers who would be glad of a chance to bore that tunnel if they were to be paid for it, and that the great problem, after all, was to procure the money to hire their services. As a lawyer he had cultivated the art of "putting things" forcibly. This he brought into play with much effect, by showing what advantages would accrue to all business as soon as the tunnel should once be an accomplished fact; and when he undertook to win over a reluctant financier he did not let go of his victim till the latter was not only convinced but eager to begin the flotation of the project.

To carry to success, while still young and unknown, what had frightened so many prominent men into quiescence, required a dominant personality and left little scope for the development of the softer graces; and a realization of this is doubtless what inspires so general faith in the stories of the fierceness of the Secretary's onslaught upon the little group of Washington bankers who recently have roused his ire. It has also given, justly or unjustly, the color of threats to utterances of his which he may endeavor to explain as mere prophecy.

The contrast between Mr. McAdoo's official habits and those of his later predecessors at the head of the Treasury is vivid indeed. Mr. McAdoo has, under normal conditions, the air of a born executive. If you have a legitimate errand, you encounter no particular difficulty in making your way into his presence; once there, however, you are expected to dispatch your business and make room for some one else; a rule which enables him to hold communication with a hundred persons in the time that Secretary MacVeagh, by an unmethodical manner of dealing with visitors, would dissipate on a half-dozen. Mr. MacVeagh was one of the hardest of men to reach. In the conversation which followed, his manner was direct enough—not always pleasantly so—but he talked too much. Mr. Cortelyou's fault was at the other extreme; he was reticent, and somewhat timid as to initiative, probably an inheritance from the long clerical service which preceded his promotion to commanding rank. Mr. Shaw was a curious mixture of brashness and caution, with a love of mystery when he had plans of his own devising to work out, and a taste for keeping his critics "guessing." Mr. Gage was a pleasant and fairly responsive listener, courteous to a degree when visitors unwittingly tried his patience, quick to flash back his indignation when his hospitality was deliberately abused. He knew a long while in advance just what he was going to do next and just why he was going to do it, but he exercised his own discretion as to whom he should and whom he should not take into his confidence about it. Any person having frequent business with the Treasury Department has had to run pretty nearly the whole gamut of human nature in dealing with this succession of Secretaries, but the sharpest and hardest note in the scale is McAdoo's.

VIEILLARD.

Book Notes and Byways

GEORGE SAVILE'S "A LADY'S GIFT" AS A FRENCH SCHOOL-BOOK FOR DUTCH PUPILS.

In Reinier Arrenberg's continuation of Johannes van Abkoude's "Index of Dutch Books" (*Naamregister van de bekendste en meest in gebruik Zijnde nederduitsche Boeken*), which was published in 1788, John Milton's name appears on page 355 of the first volume, followed by this curious title:

Nieuwejaarsgift aan de Jufferschap|of Raad van een fatzoenlijk Man aan zijn Dochter | waar agter een brief over de opvoeding van jonge Heeren | Amsterdam | Joh. Sluyter & Zoon. 8°. ("New Year's gift for young ladies or Advice of a respectable man to his daughter, followed by an epistle concerning the education of young gentlemen.")

The epistle could easily be identified with Milton's *Treatise of Education* to Master Samuel Hartlib. But the mysterious ascription of the "New Year's Gift for Young Ladies" to Milton aroused my curiosity. Copies of the book appeared to be extremely scarce. I succeeded in discovering one at the University Library at Amsterdam. It appeared to be a bilingual school-book, evidently intended for Dutch pupils wanting to study French. The French title runs as follows: *Etrennes aux Dames ou Conseils d'un Homme de Qualité à sa Fille.* The Dutch text, as appears from its title-page, is the work of Pieter de Clercq, a well-known translator of English literature of the eighteenth century. He mentions Milton as the writer of the appended epistle, but the compiler of Arrenberg's "Index" committed the excusable mistake of attributing the whole book to the only Englishman whose name is given on the Dutch title. Pieter de Clercq himself, however, was not ignorant of the real authorship of the "New Year's Gift." For in his Dutch preface he informs his readers that it is George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, whose well-known "A Lady's Gift" he had translated for them.

It appears from the same preface that the collateral French text was not of De Clercq's rendering. In 1698 a French translation had been issued in The Hague; but at the time of De Clercq's writing, half a century later, this rendering seemed antiquated and not free from mistakes. A certain Mr. Formey, therefore, prepared a revised edition of it, which, shortly before De Clercq published his "Nieuw-Jaarsgift," appeared in Berlin, along with the original English text and a dedication to Sophia Dorothea Maria, Princess Royal of Prussia, Marchioness of Brandenburg-Swedt. It is this version of the Berlin edition which De Clercq had printed side by side with his own. He warns his readers not to expect a close agreement between the French and Dutch texts, as he did not follow the French rendering, but translated straight from the English original. One short passage in Mr. Formey's French version, which the Dutch text has nothing to correspond with, is worth quoting:

"Une vieille *Ausquipper* fera meilleure figure dans la famille que Madame avec tous ses beaux habits," to which passage Mr. Formey has added a foot-note to inform his readers that

"En Angleterre les *Ausquippers* sont des femmes d'expérience, qui ont soin des servantes et du ménage dans les Maisons de qualité. C'est le mot Allemand *Hausgeborn*."

I wonder whether Mr. Formey had ever been taken care of by an English housekeeper.

A. J. BARNOUW.

The Hague.

Correspondence

THE SENTIMENTAL TEUTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Ever since the war broke out there has been considerable discussion among the learned as to whether or not the attitude of Germany on war and international morality could be traced, in any measure, to the influence of Nietzsche and his ethical views. On this question I shall not venture an opinion, but I should like to point out that whatever may have been Nietzsche's influence on his countrymen, he was at least strikingly representative of them in his manner of thought; and the vogue which he has for years enjoyed with young Germany might have prepared us for some of the anomalies of the German mind as revealed to us during the last few months. In the course of his rather productive career Nietzsche managed to box the compass on nearly every question of importance which he touched. And the odd thing about it is not so much that his philosophy is a web of contradictions, but that the contradictions seem never to have been noticed by the author, each doctrine in its turn, though destined in due course to be refuted or calmly ignored, being for the time enforced and driven home with all the zeal of the true fanatic. This, I say, is odd; but perhaps the oddest part of it all is the way in which this mass of mutually destructive vociferations and shoutings has thrilled the heart of Germany and taken the German youth by storm. Such a thing would have been unthinkable in France, England, or America. The Latin and the Anglo-Saxon may be fooled, but not by a man who carries his own reputation in his own mouth.

The explanation for the enthusiastic reception of Nietzsche's varied views in Germany is to be found, I suppose, in a certain aspect of the German mind which we on this side of the Atlantic, at any rate, are only just beginning to realize. The German temperament, compared with the Latin or the Anglo-Saxon, seems to be predominantly emotional, and German thinking is largely of the affective type. In men of every race an idea is likely to turn into a conviction if it can gather around itself sufficient feeling; but this seems to be particularly true of our friends in the

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Fatherland. The German is a man of very deep and intense feelings, and once his feelings have riveted his attention upon an idea and warmed it into a conviction, they will not let his attention stray sufficiently for him to be reminded that some of his other well-beloved convictions are quite out of harmony with his new treasure.

The last few months have brought us illustrations of this peculiarity of German psychology which require no psychologist to interpret. The German explanations of the war and their various arguments on the subject have been truly Nietzschean, both in their consistency and in the emotion of conviction with which they have been pronounced. Thus, we are told, war is one of the most ennobling of human occupations, a priceless boon to the race, and one which, but for the military virtues of the Prussian state, might die out, with immeasurable loss to humanity; and we are also assured that the Germans are lovers of peace, hate war, and did everything in their power to prevent the rise of this one. With unwearied reiteration we are called on to believe that the real cause of the war was England's jealousy of Germany's magnificent foreign commerce; and that Germany, hemmed in by France and Russia, and kept by England from a place in the sun, was being strangled, and alone of the great nations had no outlet for her products. Austria had no thought of anything like aggression against Servia; but, as Professor Delbrück puts it, Austria merely "demanded conditions which would have placed Servia under her permanent control." We are assured that England had long planned the war, while to Germany it came as a terrible surprise; and also that England was contemptibly unready for it, while Germany, with characteristic efficiency, was prepared in every detail. The German press holds its sides in ridicule of England's wretched military equipment and pigmy army at the outbreak of hostilities, and assures us solemnly that England was on the point of invading Germany through Belgium. There have been no German atrocities in Belgium or anywhere else, we are authoritatively informed; besides, the atrocities are all justified by what the *French would have* done had they got across the Rhine. The sinking of British passenger ships without warning is also quite justified, because the 70,000,000 inhabitants of Germany are being literally starved to death for want of bread by the blockade of the Allies; a blockade which is altogether negligible, moreover, since Germany has a superfluity of breadstuffs and of everything else she needs or wants. . . . One might continue the list indefinitely.

It is difficult to understand how men of the intelligence which German writers, statesmen, and professors undoubtedly possess can hold all these contradictory views at once; but the explanation, as I have suggested, is probably to be found in the emotional—at times sentimental—type of thinking which seems to characterize the Teuton. So far as the mental processes involved in the German arguments can be put in terms of thought at all, one may say that all the conclusions are to be derived from the basal conviction (a conviction of a decidedly emotional type) that the *Vaterland* is in the right and all her enemies are wrong. All questions of fact or theory must be tried by reference to this burning conviction, and whatever reasonings or reported facts do not square with it your German feels perfectly sure are somehow worthless—"a pack of lies." For *Deutschland, Deutschland über alles.* When *Deutschland* is concerned, talk not to the German of the calm weighing of facts. There is something finer than mere facts, and that is loyalty to the Fatherland. This is why we see all Germany united to-day, from the intellectual as well as from the military point of view—70,000,000 minds with but a single thought, and as many hearts that beat as one. And it is the beating hearts that determine the one thought in all these minds, though they belong to Junkers or Social Democrats, to professors or to *Pensionbesitzerinen.* Whether Kantian, Hegelian, or plain Naturwissenschaftliche, the Germans of to-day at least are all good Pragmatists. The true idea for them is the one that works, that satisfies, that brings the desired feeling.

> Und wenn du ganz in der Gefühle selig bist,
> Nenn es dann wie du willst. . . .
> Gefühl ist Alles!

JAMES BISSETT PRATT.

Williamstown, Mass., April 12.

PRUSSIAN MILITARISM AND BRITISH NAVALISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a widely published letter to Ernest Ludwig, Consul for Austria-Hungary, Count Albert Apponyi, at one time Hungarian Minister of Education, joins the ranks of the German apologists in an attempt to convince the American people that they misplaced their sympathy in taking sides with the Allies. The Count confesses "that a feeling of irritation against the Great Republic spreads both in Austria, as well as Germany," and he fears that the United States has "irretrievably lost he confidence of one belligerent party." "What sort of spell," he asks, "has been cast upon the American mind that it should fail to perceive matters so obvious, so clear?" The war has been forced upon Germany and her allies "by the sacred duty of self-defence against wanton aggression."

As was the case with other champions of the German cause, Count Apponyi's plea will serve only to strengthen the belief of the American people that they were right in their condemnation of Germany's aims and methods. When will the apologists for infamous deeds realize that Prussian militarism has been stripped of every vestige of disguise it ever wore, and that most of the stripping has been done by its very defenders; that it now stands before the world in its hideous nakedness, and that any attempt at robing it again in its tattered clothes will be futile?

Count Apponyi would have the world believe that it stands in greater danger from what he chooses to call "English navalism" than from Prussian militarism. Unfortunately for the Count's appeal, the world *knows* what Prussian militarism stands for, what it is capable of doing, and what it would undoubtedly do should it be victorious in the war. As for England's great strength on the sea, which s essential to its very existence, the world may thank the gods for it, since it would otherwise be at the mercy of German *Kultur.*

Between English navalism and German militarism, the world does not hesitate. It knows the latter to be malignant, while believing that the danger of the former exists only in Teutonic minds. ALBERT SAUVEUR.

Cambridge, Mass., April 16.

THE ENGLISH TRADITION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In Professor Francke's address before the Economic Club in New York, as recently published in the papers, there are one or two points which seem to call for comment.

Professor Francke believes that the American people will come to recognize "that the higher justice in this frightful war, the justice that lies in the defence of *superior social conditions,* has been on the German side." (Italics are mine.)

Nothing perhaps has been more striking in the German apologies for this war than the calm assumption of German superiority, unless it be the inability of German writers to perceive that such assumptions are not likely to render their cause more acceptable to other peoples.

Unnecessary and perfectly evitable as I believe this war to have been, it is becoming more and more clear that fundamentally it is a conflict between opposing and inconsistent social and political ideals: the German ideal of improvement imposed from above (a militaristic ideal) and the English and American ideal of improvement by individual development in freedom; on the one hand the ideal of the individual subordinated to the state, which is made an end in itself, on the other the state existing for the sake of the individual and as the servant, not the master, of the collected individuals.

Professor Clemen, of Bonn (not long since visiting professor at Harvard), has openly expressed Germany's view of this conflict as one for the dominance of the German idea (*die Herrschaft des deutschen Gedankens*). One is by this time accustomed to such statements from Germans. It is strange, however, that Germans long resident in this country should some of them fail to realize that in putting forth such claims they must necessarily arouse the profoundest antagonism in the mind of every thoughtful American. In essentials the English mode of thought and life, the English political ideals which they attack are American ideals.

Our whole American political and social thought—the very institutions of this country which German-Americans profess to support and of which they enjoy here the advantage—are English in origin and in essence. Without Runnymede and Lewes and Marston Moor there would have been no Bunker Hill, nor Saratoga, nor Yorktown. Without Langton, Montfort, Wycliffe, More, Ridley, Hampden, Milton there could have been no Washington nor Franklin nor Lincoln. The history of the origin and development of the American nation is one chapter in the history of the development of English freedom. This is a time when it seems necessary to insist on the obvious fact that, like our language, our literature, and our common law, our political and social thought, our whole spiritual and intellectual atmosphere are by inheritance and tradition fundamentally English. The immigrants who come to this country, the millions of Germans settled here, cannot escape this environment if they would. Many of the greatest advantages they enjoy are dependent upon it.

This English tradition we have modified—in some ways profoundly; but America and England have been progressing along parallel, if somewhat different, lines, and have greatly influenced each other. If both have been strongly affected also, often for good, by Germany, as by the thought of other civil-

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ized peoples, this influence has not modified either the fundamental relationship on the one hand or the fundamental difference on the other. Fundamentally the ideals of the English-speaking peoples are one, and it is these ideals which now stand in conflict with paternalistic and militaristic Germany.

One other point. Regarding the danger Professor Francke thinks he sees in English sea-power, one can only judge from the way in which that power has hitherto been used. So far from endeavoring to drive other commerce from the seas, England has everywhere kept the open door. Herself the greatest exponent of free trade, she has allowed all the nations of the world to trade in Great Britain and in every crown colony on the same basis as English merchants. From this no people have more greatly profited than the Germans. In view of this it is difficult not to regard as disingenuous the German attempts to persuade Americans that the great power that has insisted on freedom of commerce for all is now to be regarded as its greatest menace. In view of Germany's infringement of the rights of neutrals and disregard of the dictates of common humanity in its barbarous and piratical submarine warfare against the world's commerce, is there not a peculiar irony in German expressions of condemnation against the expedient adopted by England by way of rejoinder, the blockade in which there has never been anything of ruthlessness or barbarity?

H. Langford Warren.

Cambridge, Mass., April 3.

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S DRAWINGS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The writer, having been entrusted by the heirs of the late Thomas Jefferson Coolidge, jr., with the publication of the architectural drawings of Thomas Jefferson collected by him, and of an accompanying essay on Jefferson's architectural work, is desirous of knowing of other drawings by Jefferson which may be in other hands, and which he might have an opportunity to consult. He would also be glad to know of relevant letters and memoranda existing outside of the principal public repositories of Jeffersoniana, and to obtain photographs of buildings, locally believed to have been designed by Jefferson, which may help to identify studies for unknown buildings existing among Jefferson's drawings.

Fiske Kimball.

University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich., April 17.

THE JITNEY-BUS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Almost daily I see in the newspapers suggestions in the matter of the origin of the name "jitney-bus," none of which is acceptable. The following is, I believe, the correct solution of the question, and is much more reasonable than any I have met with. It is a corruption of the words used by the negro hack-men in the South when soliciting business. Indeed, I have had them accost me in the same words long before the jitney-bus traffic began. When spying a person seemingly on the lookout for a conveyance, they hold up a hand, and call out: "Git me, boss!" and the sound being indistinct, the pronunciation became "jitney-bus."

Wm. Harden.

Savannah, Ga., April 7.

Literature

DIRECT GOVERNMENT.

Progressive Democracy. By Herbert Croly. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.

The popularity of the Bergsonian point of view nowadays is evident from the extent to which it permeates what may be called "radical" or progressive thought. Mr. Herbert Croly's book on "Progressive Democracy" belongs definitely to the Bergsonian school, although no appeal is made to Bergson as authority, and the name occurs but once in the index. The reviewer's confidence in thus labelling the book is based mainly upon chapter ix, in which the author represents human society as a band of pilgrims. These pilgrims begin their journey in response to a "forward impulse" which is "instinctive rather than conscious" (p. 185). They are journeying "in the dark" towards some goal which is "as remote as it is desirable" (p. 184). Before knowledge came the travellers were "united by a blind impulse" (p. 185), but knowledge brought "light" and the unity of the band was destroyed, this at times causing the journey to be suspended; but the light continued to grow by accretion of experiences, and the travellers went on, now consciously united in the journey and the purpose. They are on the way to a "holy city" somewhere far ahead, and the great point is that they shall all be voluntarily agreed on continuing the journey to the "holy city." It doesn't much matter what road they take, provided that it be always forward, and provided that all shall have a firm faith in the ultimate goal and in the worth of the journey. By this faith both the individual members of the band and the band as a band attain to salvation.

Translating this into the concrete, Mr. Croly asserts that only by direct democracy, untrammelled by any imposed restraints, whether physical or dogmatic, can individual man and human society fulfil themselves. They can attain to fulfilment only by conscious, purposeful exercise of will, the individual will and the social will being distinct but interdependent, and each helping to perfect the other. Moreover, it must be democracy not merely in politics, but also in industry—in all the activities of life. Political democracy cannot succeed without industrial democracy—succeed, that is, in its real purpose, which is the enhancement of human life. The popular will must be wholly liberated, and it cannot be liberated in any other way. Neither men nor constitutions can be permitted to restrain it, and the best machinery of government is that which permits it the fullest and freest expression. Society is to be educated by self-government to increase its fund of social reason and improve the distribution of that fund. Responsibility will develop the qualities necessary for success in the task of self-government. And thus society will ascend in the scale of development, with a corresponding advantage to individuals in society.

A form of direct government which Mr. Croly considers promising is that proposed in Oregon by the "People's Power League," of which Mr. W. S. U' Ren is secretary. The keynotes of this scheme are a strong executive, representing the political majority, a thoroughly representative Legislature, so elected as to give expression to minority phases of public opinion, and an effective system of direct popular control by recall and referendum. Under this plan the Governor has complete and exclusive executive power and appoints all officers, but is subject to recall. He may sit in the Legislature, introduce legislation, and vote on it. All appropriation bills must be introduced by him, and while the Legislature may reduce these appropriations, it may not increase them. Department heads will also sit in the Legislature, and can be questioned, as in England. The Legislature is to be chosen by a system of voting whereby—supposing the house to consist of sixty members—any one obtaining one-sixtieth of the total vote cast in the State is elected. Voters can vote for only one candidate, but can vote for any candidate regardless of district. No bill can pass unless it receives approval of members representing a majority of the total vote of the electorate. Members of the Legislature are also, of course, subject to recall.

In this way there would be a flexibility of action in response to popular will that is not possible under present systems. Mr. Croly thinks that, with such a system, the admitted dislike shown by democracy towards experts in administration would disappear and a degree of efficiency would become possible which is at present out of the question. The bureaucrat would be impossible. He contemplates, in fact, a "permanent body of experts in social administration. Just as the Executive and the Legislature would be concerned primarily with the more tentative and experimental part of the social programme, so the Administration would be concerned primarily with its comparatively permanent aspects. . . . Thus the experts charged with the administration of these laws would become the official custodians of a certain part of the social programme. . . . Their work in enforcing the law, in watching its operation, and in advising its amendment or supplementation, would be dignified by an element of independent authority. Representing, as they would, the knowledge gained by the attempt to realize an accepted social policy, they would be lifted out of the realm of partisan and factious social controversy, and obtain the standing of authentic social experts" (pp. 360-361).

The "progressive political democracy" on some such lines as those indicated above must rest, Mr. Croly believes, upon an "industrial democratic citizenship" by transformation of the present economic system. "If wage-earners are to become free men, the condition of freedom must somehow be introduced in the wage system itself. The wage-earner must have the same opportunity of being

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consulted about the nature and circumstances of his employment that the voter has about the organization and policy of the government. The work of getting this opportunity for the wage-earner is the most important single task of modern democratic social organization" (pp. 384-5). "The emancipation of the wage-earner demands that the same legal security and dignity and the same comparative control over his own destiny shall be attached to his position as to that of the property-owner" (p. 385).

Syndicalism is an extreme and revolutionary statement of an ideal, which ideal in itself Mr. Croly considers good. The alternative to syndicalism "consists in the deliberate education of the wage-earners for the position which they must eventually assume of being responsible as a group of self-governing communities for the proper organization and execution of the productive work of society" (p. 390). And, as in the case of political democracy, the best means of education of the people is to give them more democracy and more responsibility, so, Mr. Croly thinks, the best way to educate industrial democrats is for the workers to fight for industrial democracy. "Their 'Constitution of Freedom' must be gradually extorted from their employers by a series of conflicts in which the ground is skilfully chosen and permanent defeat is never admitted" (p. 391). Cultivation of class consciousness and class policy will result in unionizing all the wage-earners and giving them a better control of and a better insight into their working conditions. But, sooner or later, the more enlightened of employers will finally decide to accept a "constitutional system" in a spirit of the most enlightened self-interest—corresponding in the economic order to the "constitutional democracy" under which we have lived for a century or more—and thus pave the way for a completely democratic system, as the ultimate result.

Such a system will require, as Mr. Croly points out, a great improvement in industrial productivity and efficiency, and this is to come from "scientific management," freely, democratically chosen, and accepted by the workers themselves. This "scientific management" in industrial democracy will correspond with the administrative experts in political democracy. Just as the "new democracy" will welcome the expert in administration, so the "new industrial democracy" will welcome the "scientific manager" in business. "Scientific management will need the self-governing workshop quite as much as industrial democracy will need the application of scientific methods to business. . . . All along the line science is going to demand of faithful and enlightened men an amount of self-subordination which would be intolerable and tyrannical in any but a self-governing community" (pp. 404-5).

And how are the people to be brought to accept, even embrace, the self-discipline necessary to make democracy consistent with order and efficiency?

Force is obviously out of the question. So is religion (of which Mr. Croly's concept is singularly superficial), and so are all other influences of a repressive character. The morality of the "new democracy" must be a morality not of restraint, but of expression. "Since life consists essentially in activity, a wise system of educational discipline, either individual or social, should seek primarily to release and develop rather than to dam up the instinctive sources of action in human nature. . . . More and more are social psychologists seeking to discover social outlets for the expression of human instincts" (p. 421). "An industrial and political system which offers the opportunity of participation to them" (its citizens) "places them on their best behavior. It challenges them to make good. . . . Progressive democracy lives upon the conviction that the challenge will be accepted" (p. 424). "Thus we must fall back once again upon the creative power of the will which insists, even though its brother, the reason, cannot ascertain . . . what the situation calls for is faith. Faith is the primary virtue demanded by the social education of a democracy—the virtue which will prove to be salutary—in case human nature is capable of salvation. . . . It constitutes the spiritual version of the indomitable instinct which has kept the human race on the road during all the discouragements and the burdens of its past, and which must not be the less indomitable because it is the more conscious" (pp. 424-5). "If the prevailing legalism and a repressive moral code are associated with the rule of live-and-let-live, the progressive democratic faith finds its consummation in the rule of live-and-help-live" (p. 426). "Thus the progressive democratic faith, like the faith of St. Paul, finds its consummation in a love which is partly expressed in sympathetic feeling, but which is at bottom a spiritual expression of the mystical unity of human nature" (p. 427).

Mr. Croly's structure is nicely compact, entirely logical, *teres atque rotundus*. All you have to do is to embrace the faith vigorously, and the rest is easy. If you can once assume and believe the fundamental dogma that the popular will is inherently good, that it makes necessarily for "social righteousness," and that the way to develop it and free it for action is to throw responsibility upon it and challenge it to do its best, then the "holy city" of "progressive democracy" is clearly in sight for you. One might adapt Luther's famous motto, *Pecca fortiter sed fide fortius;* it matters not what mistakes are made, if the faith holds out. (Also one cannot help thinking of *Credo quia impossibile!*) Let him take it who can.

But, carefully wrought as is the book, it strikes one as essentially a piece of "closet-philosophy," built up *à priori*, within four walls, detached and abstract in character rather than actual, concrete, and inductive. It smells of the student-lamp rather than of the streets. Its kinship is with the visions of Utopia, that intoxicated men's minds a hundred or more years ago. In nothing, perhaps, more than in this is it definitely attributable to the Bergsonian school, which owes not a little of its popularity to its expression of revolt from the dreary materialistic determinism of the closing years of the last century.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Curse of Castle Eagle. By Katharine Tynan. New York: Duffield & Co.

The quality of charm, often so elusive, in Mrs. Hinckson's new novel, as in many of her previous works, can be caught and fixed. It lies partly in the absolute simplicity of the story, but much more in the style of the telling, the mere music of words. Mrs. Hinckson is one of the few living writers of fiction who have achieved a style both distinguished and distinctive. It is a style perilous for imitators, since it is based on the short, staccato sentence which may easily be reduced to a conscious mannerism. In Mrs. Hinckson's hands it is lucid, flexible, and altogether agreeable. Not a little of the grace of her style is due, we suspect, to her Irish birth and training. It is in no sense dialect, but there is an almost impalpable Irish twist to the form of her sentences that raises them from the commonplace. None but an Irish author would write: "If but Castle Eagle could be from under the shadows—if ever it could be from under the shadows—she could go then, without any sense of cowardice, of forsaking her post." Incidentally, that sentence gives a clue to the subject of the book. It is a simple and very romantic story of love, of a curse that was laid generations ago on a fine old Irish family, and of how it was lifted by the simple faith of a young girl. But, lest we should seem to recommend this fragrant story with too little reserve, we record that the heroine's charm is of a Victorian quality, and that some of the characters express distressing sentiments. "Sure, what is women for but to content the men?" inquires one of them.

The Good Soldier: A Tale of Passion. By Ford Madox Hueffer. New York: John Lane Co.

Not a war-story, but a tale of modern loves, told with skill and ingenuity and, on the whole, unreality. Mr. Hueffer has collaborated, more than once, with *Joseph Conrad*, and would seem to have absorbed something of his method if not of his manner. Here is a story told in disjointed, cumulative fashion, by a participant in the action who has been even more an observer of it. The action, with episodes of physical intensity, is chiefly mental or "psychical." The episodes themselves, after being worked up with care, are not exploited for their own sake, but disposed of with a kind of negligence; they are simply visible phases of the volcanic forces always at work beneath the smooth and landscaped surface of a half-dozen lives. The story-teller is an American millionaire-absentee. He has married a pretty girl of loose morals who has for years reduced him to the rôle of nurse by pretending to be an invalid, and is easily able to deceive him in other ways. At the baths of Nauheim they meet an English

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pair named Ashburnham. The man is a captain, in his thirties, home on sick-leave from India. As with Florence, the American's wife, his illness is a fraud; he has really left India in pursuit of a woman. His own wife, Leonora, is beautiful and loves him, but she has no physical attraction for him, and he has had a series of mistresses before the story proper begins. Florence is to be his last "affair," as he is to be hers, though by his will rather than by his inclination. She poisons herself when she finds that she has lost him; he cuts his throat because he cannot allow himself to take her successor, a young girl to whom he has been in a relation almost fatherly. It is here, at this forlorn last ditch, that he proves himself "the good soldier." Leonora marries again. The young girl for whom Ashburnham has died goes mad and becomes a new patient for the nursing millionaire, whom we leave maundering rather piteously about the whole matter, "the saddest story he has ever heard." To feel it that, one must take the people seriously, find them real and breathing. And here is the prime distinction between Mr. Hueffer and Mr. Conrad. The dream-like, musing atmosphere of this story is not unlike that of "Chance," for example. Its undercurrent of fierce emotional experience is a characteristic of Conrad's narratives. But somehow the whole thing fails to focus. We do not quite believe in these people and their affairs—or our belief in them seems a matter of scant importance. It is a book to be read with curiosity and with appreciation of its skilfulness as a "stunt," rather than as a true human document or a sound piece of fiction.

Loneliness? By Robert Hugh Benson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Of his genuinely catholic spirit, Monsignor Benson could have left no better memorial. The story lacks the scope and pretensions of that remarkable romance "Oddsfish." It is based upon the writer's faith in the efficacy of his Church as a refuge and mainstay in all human emergencies; but it neither offers an argument nor consciously refrains from offering one. It simply presents one life, and shows how, having once been married to the Church, its union is in some sacred sense indissoluble. Up to the final chapter, one who did not know the author's name might more readily suppose him to be an anti-Romanist than a priest. Till then, it seems as if events might be naturally urging Marion Tenterden to an open breach with the spiritual authority under which she has been born and bred. She has been almost a *religieuse*, when success as an opera singer, and a falling in love, seem to deprive her religion of its warmth. When she finds that the Church will not give her a dispensation to marry her young English squire unless the usual pledges are made as to the education of their children, and so on, she determines to go her own way. Then her voice fails, and her most devoted friend dies under circumstances of peculiar painfulness to the survivor. Her sense of defeat and her loneliness, to her own surprise, find consolation, not in her earthly love, but in the Church. The sacrifice she has intended becomes impossible; the lover is sent about his business (he deserves nothing better, anyhow), and we leave her pledging herself anew to the mystical bridegroom. The weak part of the story is that which requires us to believe that this nice girl was the greatest prima donna of her time. We have had this to believe of so many heroines!

THE TANTRIK PHILOSOPHY.

Principles of Tantra. Part I: The Tantratattva of Srīyukta Shiva Chandra Vidyārnava Bhattachāryya Mahodaya. Edited with an introduction and commentary by Arthur Avalon. Calcutta and London: Luzac & Co.

Tantrik Texts. Edited by Arthur Avalon. Vol. III: Prapanchasāra Tantra, edited by Tārānātha Vidyāratna. Calcutta and London: Luzac & Co.

These two volumes continue the series already reviewed in the *Nation* (April 30, 1914), which "Arthur Avalon" has introduced to the English-speaking world. The series is of importance, since the Tantrik texts are the legitimate continuation of mediæval Hinduism, and their content has long been veiled by absence of documents and by lack of understanding of such works as were available. It will now be possible to pass upon these texts a judgment based on knowledge rather than the snap judgment founded on hearsay.

The age of the Tantras is grossly exaggerated by the editors. They all presuppose the worship of Ganesha as scribe, and that fixes their date as early in our era for the oldest. Most of them are quite modern. They are worthily opposed to some horrors of the orthodox cult. Thus they teach that a woman should not be burned with her husband. Every woman is the image of the Great Mother, and she who ascends the funeral pyre of her husband goes to hell. On the other hand, the Tantras teach obedience to the Guru (teacher) as to an infallible pope, and inculcate belief in childish superstition, as that ritual texts may raise the dead to life. Reason and argument are renounced; magic verses are the Bible of Tantrism. Nevertheless, as its principles have been attacked, its modern upholders have perforce to take recourse in argumentation for the benefit of unbelievers. Hence the first work above (Tantratattva) was written by a Bengal Pandit some two decades ago to enlighten a world of unbelief. It deliberately suppresses the black magic and sexual excess inherent in a full exposition, since (as is admitted) these subjects are not proper for public discussion.

The reader thus gets a bowdlerized Tantrism, in which the principles of divine motherhood are set forth. Tantra, in the religious sense, means that body of teaching revealed by Shiva as the specific scripture of this, the worst of the four ages. Worship connotes sexual practices and wine-drinking (drunkenness); but if any one sect objects to these details (as some do), they may be dispensed with. The China rose is the badge of the sect, as the plant sacred to the Mother God. Most of these texts are palpably excrescences of the last three centuries, though all profess to be old and implicit even in the Vedas. The ritual obtains chiefly in Bengal, and many of its practices seem to be derived from native wild-tribes, as some come from Mahāyāna Buddhism (worship of Tārā, etc., and the use of *vijas* and *japas*). The Tantratattva seeks to remove such reproaches; but the author has little historical sense. For example, he thinks it was Chaitanya's influence that made the worshippers of Vishnu give up the slaughter of animals! Between the date of original works and any compilations based on these works one must assume "at least" a thousand years! The learned Bengali goes even afield and argues that Egyptian and Mexican rites were borrowed from Tantrism. But it is not necessary to assume that all parts of all Tantras are thousands of years old (our Bengali becomes philosophic). Thus the prophecy of the Meru Tantra, which says that "there will be born in London men undefeated in battle and lords of earth," may not be of this extreme antiquity.

We suspect that "Arthur Avalon" is one of the learned Pandits of Bengal, whose native speech has not been without influence upon his almost impeccable English. He seems to share the belief of the "saint" whose work he edits, and his historical acumen is not, so far as here revealed, any greater. His linguistic sense is purely native. But (rightly) he lays the greatest stress on the philosophic importance of Tantra. It contains "a deep philosophic doctrine." Let us see what that is.

We may pass over the matter of ritual, granting that it is perhaps the most elaborate system of auto-suggestion in the world, but leaving open the question whether its effect is beneficial, to inquire what is the new thought which philosophically makes the system worth while. According to the non-Tantrik monism, which Tantrism boasts of overthrowing or replacing by something better, the eternal supreme consists in existence, consciousness, and joy. The Tantra says that the "goddess" worshipped by it is this eternal consciousness; it is the divine consciousness which pervades the entire universe; it is She who is the energy of all living beings; it is She who is in stocks and stones. She is the Great Mother (God), who binds herself with her own illusion when incorporate as soul; she must be worshipped, and may be worshipped by adoration of human representatives. These representatives are the teachers of the doctrine. The world is indeed, according to Tantra, the "eternal feminine." Thus chants its believer: "In whatever direction I turn my eyes I see nothing, nothing but the Mother." Nothing exists but the Mother. She creates as Brahma; she destroys as Shiva; she maintains as Vishnu. From Her come these gods.

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But what is this except the feminization of orthodox Vedanta? It is a doctrine for suffragette monists, the dogma, unsupported by any evidence, that the female principle antedates and includes the male principle, and that this principle is supreme divinity. Shiva himself worships her.

It is interesting to note that the Bengali sage who thus interprets Tantrism, waxing wroth with unbelievers, calls them the "demons" (*daityas*) of the present age, even as unbelievers of old were devils to the orthodox. The creed is, however, based rather on authority than on logic. In fact, a logician is a base person, "who will be reborn as a jackass."

The Prapanchasāra (second volume, above) is a modern poem, ascribed without sufficient reason to Shankara. Its most instructive passage explains how it is that sensuality may conduce to the glory of God, that is, the Divine Mother. The divine power, recognizing that evil often accompanies sensuality, identifies itself with that desire of the flesh and elevates it by instilling a religious motive into vice. Thus gross desire is purified and spiritualization of the passions ensues. On this Mr. Avalon remarks in his introduction: "In his utilization of passion the Hindu has had the sense to know that we must do our market with and according to the funds in our purse." We see no reason to modify the opinion hitherto held in regard to the philosophic or historical value of the Tantras. The works thus far offered in this series corroborate that opinion. But we value highly the work done in editing the series, if for no other reason than that it gives us a real insight into the jargon of the ritual and the worthlessness of Tantrik philosophy. It is a distinct gain to know just why it is worthless, and to have this point demonstrated by its adherents.

THE NEW STEDMAN-WOODBERRY POE.

The Works of Edgar Allan Poe. Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and George Edward Woodberry. In ten volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $10 net.

The Scribners, having acquired all rights to the Stedman-Woodberry edition of the works of Edgar Allan Poe, have reissued it in a most attractive form, using special paper and new plates in the type employed in their edition of Turgenieff. The distribution into ten volumes, the text and choice of contents, the illustrations, the biographical and critical introductions follow substantially the first issue of twenty years ago, and the result is a set of books in which the fastidious author would have delighted. Mr. Woodberry, the surviving editor, has revised the notes, chiefly in bibliographical details; hence this portion of the critical apparatus is adequate, and, if the editorial point of view with regard to selection of contents and choice of text be accepted, the new issue satisfies the demands of the scholar as well as those of the general reader. Only an unnecessarily exhaustive examination could determine how faithfully the printers have followed the earlier issue, but one may infer great fidelity from the fact that the original misprint of *souseris* for *souscris* in the quotation from Chateaubriand, given in the note on Poe's poem "To Zante" (X, 176), reappears with an inevitableness shocking or amusing in the last volume of the new edition (X, 178).

The chief interest of this reissue to the student of Poe, apart from the fact that these well-printed volumes must draw new readers to that author and tempt old readers to refresh their memories, appears to lie in Mr. Woodberry's calm abiding by the editorial principles laid down by himself and his colleague over half a generation ago. That this is not due to laziness or conservatism will be clear to any one who compares the editor's two-volume "Life of Edgar Allan Poe" (1909) with his earlier biography in the "American Men of Letters" series (1885). Mr. Woodberry has simply refused to allow the appearance of the "Virginia Edition" of the "Complete Works" (1902) to disturb his faith in what may be called selective as opposed to "omnium gatherum" editing.

There is no occasion now to thresh out once more the materials for scholarly controversy furnished by the application to the works of Poe of these opposing ideals of editing. That the present edition gives in adequate form "what constitutes Poe's permanent writings," to quote the "Publishers' Note," seems almost indisputable, but whether this is or will remain "the authoritative edition" would seem to depend upon the purposes of the person who uses it. Putting entirely to one side all questions relating to text, it seems permissible to ask whether students and readers interested in Poe the man might not legitimately look for a volume of his letters, or else a fairly copious selection from them, and whether persons interested in his criticism will be satisfied with the selections from his book-reviews to be found in Volumes VI and VII. Undoubtedly, zealous search of old magazines and newspapers has resulted in the attribution to Poe of things which he probably did not write, but a large number of clearly authenticated reviews by him have been identified, fully a hundred of which may claim some value and interest, whether as affording materials to study the evolution of his genius or his talents for criticism, or as illustrating his attitude towards his more important contemporaries, native and foreign. If it be pleaded that these reviews are readily accessible elsewhere, it may be answered that students and wide readers are not always blessed with wealth, that there are many books to buy, and that space on one's bookshelves has to be paid for. This is but to say that many things have to be considered before one can confidently profess to have produced a satisfactorily complete edition of a copious writer; but this is not saying that our admiration of the present edition of Poe and our gratitude for it are not sufficiently deep to content both the accomplished editor and the publishers.

THE LADIES OF ST. FRANCIS.

Saint Clare of Assisi: Her Life and Legislation. By Ernest Gilliat-Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

This is a book for students of St. Clare to reckon with, but it is not a biography in the ordinary sense of the word. Rather is it a miscellany of discussions, annotations, and conjectures touching various points in the legend of St. Clare, the early government of her order, and other fields of general Franciscan interest. Indeed, less space is devoted to the life of St. Clare than to the struggle between the Brethren of Common Observance and the Zelanti; and the chapters that are nominally biographical might each have borrowed the heading of the tenth, A Chapter of Odds and Ends.

The narrative sources for the life of St. Clare, from Celano (if he be the author of the "Legenda") to Wadding, have but little evidential value, as Mr. Gilliat-Smith avows at once and repeatedly. More faith is to be placed in the Bull of Canonization, and in a few contemporary references, trustworthy for their very indirectness. It is a pity that Mr. Gilliat-Smith did not, in his sifting of the evidence, isolate the material supplied by these latter documents. The results, to be sure, would have been meagre; but St. Clare would be none the less blessed for having little history. Instead, Mr. Gilliat-Smith discusses the traditional stories at length and indecisively, honest in his questioning of the tradition, yet often building upon it, and often futile in his detailed imaginings as to what may really have happened. Nor are his methods and conclusions always acceptable. Few will agree with him that St. Francis deliberately devised the project of founding an order of enclosed nuns "to plant for the Queen of Heaven a bower of white roses in compensation for the faded flowers which he thought he had stolen from her garden"; or that St. Clare's breach of the death-door in her escape from home was "expressly devised by that great dramatist, St. Francis." And he falls into the common round-number error when he assigns the conversion to the spring of 1211 because Celano, apparently having in mind an event of the spring of 1251, writes, "For forty years Blessed Clare had run in the race of sublime poverty."

Nevertheless, he plays the critic of another's logic most successfully, making fair game of many an emotional argument of M. Sabatier, "the chief hierophant of the fashionable cultus of St. Francis outside the church." In opposition to Sabatier he submits a very effective defence of the moral character of the Church and the monastic communities in the early thirteenth century. The same opposition is perhaps responsible for the virulence of his attack on Brother Leo, to whose tyrannous, not to say demoniac, control (poor Frate Pecorella!) over St. Francis's mind he traces the rigoristic clauses in the late "outbursts" of St. Francis and the clauses in his Will, the omission of which

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would have seemed so preferable to Brother Elias—and to Mr. Gilliat-Smith.

The better part of the work—in extent and in quality—concerns the four rules observed by the Poor Ladies during the lifetime of St. Clare: a tentative rule given by St. Francis about 1214; a modification of the Benedictine rule edited by Cardinal Ugolino some five years later; a modification of the Franciscan rule promulgated by Innocent IV in 1247; and St. Clare's own rule, confirmed in 1252, the year before her death. This last document is quoted in full, both in Latin and in English, and its relation to the earlier rules is treated at length in the text and shown graphically in an appendix in parallel columns. There are also detailed studies of the more important provisions of the several rules. Particularly interesting is the chapter on Poverty, from which it appears that the holding of a considerable amount of real estate was not regarded as inconsistent with observance of the evangelical precept. The Clares of San Severino, whose strict practice is lauded in several acts and letters dating from about 1250, owned at that time fields, vineyards, pastures, and woods in no less than six different localities.

The reader must be prepared for page after page of Latin quotation, and will be pleased to find Latin and English alike carefully printed. Mr. Gilliat-Smith's own style is curiously polymorphous. At times, under the influence of Salimbene, perhaps, he writes with delightful vigor and clearness; at times he drops into the ritual affectation of "aye," "albeit," and "alas"; oftenest he moves with the meandering placidity of mature learning. There is no index: a serious misfortune for those who will use the book, since so much of its value lies in its minor references and excursions.

Notes

Henry Holt & Co. announce for publication on Saturday "The "Limitations of Science," by Louis Trenchard More. "The Negro," by W. E. B. DuBois, will be published at the same time in the Home University Library series.

T. Fisher Unwin announces the publication of a new book on Lithography by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell.

"The Primrose Ring," by Ruth Sawyer, will be published early next month by Harper & Bros.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce for publication on Saturday: "Vanishing Roads and Other Essays," by Richard Le Gallienne; "The Anglo-German Problem," by Charles Sarolea, and "Alfred the Great," by Beatrice A. Lees.

Our tardiness in noticing the publication of the late Prof. A. W. Verrall's "Lectures on Dryden" (The Cambridge University Press; Putnam) by no means implies lack of appreciation of the book. No student of Dryden can afford, in our judgment, to overlook the shrewd comments that abound, or to minimize the value of some of the lectures considered as wholes—for example, those on the "Quatrain Poems," the "Religious Poems," and the "Development of the English Ode." It is specially interesting that a distinguished classical scholar, become professor of English literature in his alma mater, should have chosen Dryden as the subject of one of the few courses of lectures he was permitted to give, and that he should have written in his first paragraph the following memorable words with regard to three famous Cambridge poets: "Even if the two great Poets Laureate of last century, Wordsworth and Tennyson, obtain two hundred years—and perhaps they will not obtain more—of permanent interest, their work can hardly be of higher value than that of Dryden." The question at once arises how many professors of English literature not blessed with a good training in the Greek and Roman classics could begin to understand this statement, to say nothing about venturing to make it. We shall not attempt to answer our own question or to comment, in assent or dissent, upon the many passages of interest we have discovered in these lectures. We must content ourselves with recommending the book to scholars and leisurely readers, and with requesting them not to be astonished at the fact that Mr. Verrall could discover in Dryden, not merely splendor and vigor and clearness, but actually beauty.

"The Legislative Union of England and Scotland" (The Clarendon Press; 7s. 6d. net) is the subject which Mr. P. Hume Brown chose for his Ford Lectures at Oxford last year. With his profound knowledge of Scottish history and character and with the new material which has become accessible, he is able to say a good many new things about the part taken by the leading men and about the difficult conduct of affairs in the reign of Queen Anne. The most astonishing thing about the Union of 1707, in view of the almost unanimous opposition to it in Scotland, is that it was ever accomplished at all. Almost equally astonishing, in view of the Scotch conviction that it was a "national disaster" and that in the following years Scotland was being sacrificed again to English interests, is the fact that it was not speedily undone (as was actually attempted). May 1, 1707, the day on which the Legislative Union was consummated, was observed in many a parish in Scotland as a sad day of fasting and national humiliation. And it was noted as a sinister omen that the first tune pealed by the bells of St. Giles on the fateful morning was: "Why Should I Be Sad on My Wedding Day?" Mr. Hume Brown's study of this episode, important alike for the history of England, Scotland, and the Continent, is valuable because he traces so clearly all the currents of opposition to the Union, and yet shows, step by step, the moves by which it was gradually put through the Scottish Estates and the English Parliament. Though a good Scotchman himself, and sympathetic with those of his countrymen in the early eighteenth century who so bitterly condemned the Union, he nevertheless, in looking back over two centuries, is quite sure that for Scotland "the Union was both necessary and desirable." The alternative would probably have been civil war ending in eventual conquest by England.

In "The Story of Bethlehem Hospital" (Dutton; $5 net), Edward Geoffrey O'Donoghue, its present chaplain, traces, with pious care and thoroughness, the history of the institution, from its foundation by Simon Fitz-Mary in the fields of Bishopsgate Without (1247) to the present day. Originally a priory of the Order of Bethlehemites, there is much uncertainty as to when and how it came to be used for harboring the "poor distract," but it is mentioned as a madhouse of sorts in the beginning of the reign of Richard II, which still leaves Bethlehem "the oldest asylum in the world with a continuous history." The annals of the hospital reflect, as is natural, the annals of its times. Founded by "the man who bribed the King"—though perhaps the qualification was the libel of a political enemy—its progress was punctuated with bribery and corruption till, at the Reformation, the city finally bribed Henry VIII, who, in 1546, granted St. Bartholomew's Hospital to the Mayor and Corporation, in return for a good round sum, throwing in Bethlehem as a generous afterthought. Its evil reputation seems hardly to have been deserved. The lot of the lunatic, whether in castle or cottage, on the highway or in the hospital, was a fearsome one, but, in regard to humanity, Bethlehem appears, as a rule, to have been in the van of its age. Blows were the orthodox remedy for madness then. The treatment was the same for the King on his throne and the beggar on his straw; indeed, it has been suggested that the methods of the celebrated Dr. Willis and his wife, in dealing with George III—the unhappy King was at least once knocked down as "flat as a flounder"—may have had something to do with bringing on the reforms of the nineteenth century. There is in the book much agreeable chat about the appearances of the hospital in literature and art. When Bethlehem was one of the sights of the town, John Wesley was excluded from both Newgate and the hospital—"so we are forbidden to go to Newgate for fear of making them wicked, and to Bedlam for fear of making them mad," he writes bitterly in his diary. It is cheering, in this connection, to watch poor Joseph Periam, discharged as "convalescent," set sail with Whitefield for America, where he rendered good service to the orphanage which the Methodist divine established at Savannah. The pages devoted to the hospital as at present conducted—the pauper and criminal wards now things of the past, and the last shred of mediævalism left well behind—are pleasant reading. Among the relics is a "plunge bath." Ducking was formerly part of the recognized treatment of insanity, though our loyal chaplain finds no record of such a regimen at Bethlehem. Nevertheless, at St. Luke's, patients were ducked as late as 1856—and the last person so treated ascribed his recovery to the practice.

Professedly, as a companion book to Prof. William A. Dunning's "Political Theories," Prof. F. W. Coker has compiled a volume of "Readings in Political Philosophy" (Macmillan), which embraces, with brief introductions, a series of extracts of considerable compass from Plato, Aristotle, Polybius, St. Thomas Aquinas, Dante, Marsiglio, Machiavelli, Calvin, "Vindiciæ Contra Tyrannos," Bodin, Hooker, Grotius, Milton, Hobbes, Harrington, Locke, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Paine, and Bentham. The passages are selected skilfully to display the central political theory of the successive writers, and their collection in this form will be valuable for the

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beginner and convenient for the more advanced student. In several cases, notably St. Thomas Aquinas and Marsiglio, the editor has had to make his own translations. As regards the authors chosen there will naturally be divergence of opinion. To us it seems astounding that in such a list there should be no place for Burke. And probably even Bolingbroke is of more importance than one or two of the English names included.

Dr. Leslie Morton Turner, in his Sorbonne thesis for the *doctorat de l'université* ("Du Conflit Tragique chez les Grecs et dans Shakespeare," Paris: Ollier-Henry), defines the essence of tragedy as "conflict in the process of becoming." The notion of conflict is old enough, but all critics from Aristotle down have seen drama as something static; with the help of Bergson, a debt which is frankly acknowledged, we are asked to view it as something dynamic, mobile. We are asked to identify ourselves with the actors and "to see really into the becoming of the *drama*." But by this very substitution of *drama* for *conflict*, the whole business is given away. We do really look into the becoming of the dramatic piece, and not really into the becoming of a real conflict. The conflict is only a represented one. It is not a real *conflit-devenir*, not life itself, but only a play. The fact that it is presented in action should not, does not, deceive us. What goes on is mobile only in a partial and representative sense, not in a vital and real sense. If Dr. Turner offered a definition of drama or of dramatic tragedy (a definition that he refuses to give), he would have to admit that drama is representative. But this would be admitting that drama has in it "something" of the static, and with this admission the chief objection to Aristotle and the critics, and along with it the thesis itself, would evaporate.

Of the Rev. Elizur Goodrich an anonymous contemporary, quoted in Sprague's *Annals of the American Pulpit*, remarked: "He rarely came to our house without a lively flow of wit or humor." "It was so," she added, "with all the old people of that day; notwithstanding the gravity of their deportment, they had a remarkable *love of fun*." Most remarkable, and no doubt partly accountable for his downfall, is the love of fun—not always either subtle or kindly—which possessed the Rev. Mather Byles, minister of the Hollis Street Church, in Boston ("The Famous Mather Byles: The Noted Boston Tory Preacher, Poet, and Wit, 1707-1788," by Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton; Boston: W. A. Butterfield; $2 net). That a New England Congregational minister of the eighteenth century should be an outspoken Tory and a reckless punster is so unusual that one gladly opens this well-made and entertaining book in order to learn more about him. When Mather Byles graduated from Harvard in 1725, and indeed for some years after, he seemed inclined to maintain the literary traditions of Addison and Pope rather than to follow the ministerial example of his uncle, Cotton Mather. In 1733, however, he became minister of the Hollis Street Church, and thereafter, although he was never one of the great spiritual forces of his day, his imposing presence, literary gifts, and irrepressible wit made him a very considerable local figure. At the outbreak of the Revolution, when the Congregational ministry presented a virtually unbroken front against the Crown, Byles scandalized his congregation by praying for the King, remaining in town during the occupation, and associating with English officers. It was even said that he permitted them to examine through his telescope the fortifications that were being erected by his countrymen. No wonder that the Hollis Street Church—in a scene which is the climax of Byles's career, and of this book—dismissed him as one whose usefulness was ended, and that shortly after the evacuation we find him confined in his house and guarded by a sentry. Even here Byles's humor triumphed. He happily persuaded the sentry to leave his post for a moment on condition that he should take his place; whereupon the Rev. Mather Byles, gun on shoulder, paced up and down, keeping faithful guard over himself until the sentinel's return. His later years were saddened by feeble health and enforced retirement; but he remained a stout Tory until his death in 1788. His daughters lived on for another half-century, cherishing the memory of having danced with Lord Percy and regretting the vulgar republicanism of their later surroundings. From this picturesque career Mr. Eaton has made a most readable book. He has rightly emphasized portraits, anecdotes, family connections, and local matters, instead of attempting to claim for Byles a place in the larger tendencies of the period. One does feel, however, that more might well have been said in the earlier part of the book about Byles as a writer of periodical essays as well as of occasional verse: although their value is slight, the fact that there were such imitations of Addison amidst the stylistic crudities of the period is of some historical importance.

The "Aéro Manuel" for 1914 of MM. Faroux and Bonnet (Paris: Dunod & Pinat) marks an advance over its predecessors. Within its 868 large octavo pages, the sportsman and the man of affairs, the soldier and the civilian, the constructor and the scientist will find material of interest and importance. Three great divisions are considered: sport, technique, and manufacture, but there is besides a wealth of statistics. Aeronautical chronology is brought up to date by century, year, month, and day. The aeronautical year (in this case, September, 1912-July, 1913) is set out in the minutest detail, and so are all aerial voyages of significance from 1908 to the date of compilation. Of course, all records, aeroplane, dirigible, and spherical, are fully given. The list of the victims of motor flight is growing, from 1 in 1908 to 143 in 1912, and 92 for seven months of 1913. Some new sections appear, one on military aeronautics of special interest, and a statistical list by country of aerodromes, aero-parks, aviation schools, and even, where possible, of suitable landing places! On the technical and scientific side, the high standard of previous issues is fully maintained. Of a wholly different nature is the "Taschenbuch der Luftflotten" (528 pages) by Rasch and Hormel (Munich: Lehman). This manual, of which we may expect a new edition every year, undertakes to do for the air fleets of the world what Mr. Jane, for example, has long done for its sea fleets. And so we have a statistical list by countries of airships, followed by seventy-five pages of illustrations and diagrams, an alphabetical list of airships and of their hangars—these latter alphabetical by countries—with illustrations. To the airplanes and seaplanes of all nations, nearly 200 pages are given with many illustrations: these comprise photographic reproductions, sections, and elevations. Motors follow again with many illustrations; then come guns and projectiles for balloon attack, the organization of the air-services of the various armies of the world, and the laws and regulations governing aerial navigation. There are various tables and an index. This little book, the first of its kind, is well printed in Roman type; the illustrations are clear and good. It should prove as useful in its way as the "Aéro Manuel." The 1915 or "War" edition differs from its predecessor chiefly in the omission of data relating to the military air-strength of Germany, Austria, and Turkey. All three may be genuinely recommended.

The ordinary book on the departments of literature is mustily pedagogical, but the first four writers to contribute to Doran's series on "The Art and Craft of Letters" show a tendency to go to the other extreme. Each of these seventy-page essays expresses a new opinion, rather than summarizes received views, and contains more epigram than information; while its allusiveness presupposes a reader of wide knowledge. Gilbert Cannan's "Satire," particularly, betrays an effort to be stimulating at the expense of solidity. The author pays smart tribute to Swift, Fielding, Voltaire, and the later Butler, shows the pit into which Shavianism falls in satirizing its own satire, and expresses the rather inadequate view that sex and money are the only great satirical themes in modern life. John Palmer's work on "Comedy" achieves more comprehensiveness as a survey, and more depth as criticism. Its main body is an exposition of Walpole's aphorism that to the thinking man life is a comedy, while to the feeling man it is a tragedy. Many of the views of the writer's book on Restoration drama, sound and unsound, are reëxpressed. R. H. Gretton's "History" is a sober discussion of the tendencies typified by writers from Bossuet and Voltaire to Acton and Mommsen, but contains an exaggerated plea for making history the fruit of interaction between the materials of the historian and the ideas of his contemporaries. He would apparently have this done even if it necessitated the rewriting of history every fifty years. Lascelles Abercrombie's "The Epic" exhibits the real poet's impatience of theories of folk composition and of the distinction between "natural" and "artificial" epics; every epic was, to his mind, written by a single composer, and he applies this generalization with a vigor that ignores the persistent voices on the other side. But his little volume, as compared with the others, has a refreshing amount of concrete fact, and its content is presented with genuine attention to style.

In 1893 Francis B. Heitman published his "Historical Register of Officers of the Continental Army during the War of the Revolution." As a result of an act of Congress of July 27, 1892, providing for the transfer to the War Department of the Revolutionary records in the Treasury and Interior Departments, and an act of March 2, 1913, directing the Secretary of War to collect the scattered records of the Revolutionary War, the Government now has a much fuller collection than was available when Mr. Heitman made his first compilation. He has accordingly issued a second edition of his work, revised and much enlarged, which is published at

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Washington (Rare Book Publishing Co.). The extent of the enlargement may partly be inferred from the fact that the list of 8,000 names mentioned in the former edition is now increased to 14,000. In addition to this, the records of many officers included before have been augmented by new information. No complete record can ever be obtained, on account of the burning of the papers in the War Department on November 8, 1800. The records here found are, therefore, "not strictly official," but "other sources of reliable information have been consulted." A separate list of French officers is given, and at the close of the volume Mr. Heitman has included a calendar of the period of the war.

In 1769, John Knox, a retired captain in the British army, published by subscription "An Historical Journal of the Campaigns in North America for the Years 1757, 1758, 1759, and 1760; Containing the Most Remarkable Occurrences of that Period; Particularly the two Sieges of Quebec; the Orders of the Admirals and General Officers; Descriptions of the Countries where the Author has Served, with their Forts and Garrisons; their Climates, Soils, Produce; and a Regular Diary of the Weather." As the work is now rarely seen, and is of great value for the history of the military operations of the French and Indian wars, particularly the campaigns connected with the capture of Louisbourg and Quebec, students of American colonial history are under obligations to the Champlain Society for the fine new edition which is being issued in three substantial volumes, the first volume having just been published (Toronto). The editor, Mr. Arthur G. Doughty, furnishes a brief preface, giving what little is known of Knox and of the composition and publication of his book. The editing is done with excellent scholarship and with great discrimination; the notes, prepared very properly for scholars rather than for the general reader, are sufficient without being very numerous. The subjects with which the Journal deals are mostly indicated in the title, but in addition the economic historian will find a good deal of material bearing on the prices of commodities and the relative values of different species of money in the colonies. A number of portraits and some good maps accompany the first volume, which brings the narrative down to July 31, 1759.

A definitive edition of the second American drama is "Ponteach, or the Savages of America. A Tragedy by Robert Rogers" (Chicago: The Caxton Club). The editor, Mr. Allan Nevins, has prepared an introduction that betrays no pet illusions concerning the dramatic worth or the historical fidelity of the anonymous London publication of 1766, but justly sets forth its small merits and its literary position. Yet its critical repute, which now possesses all the interest attaching to incunabula, has risen since those distant times. The *Gentleman's Magazine* spoke of the "disgusting familiarity" of its language. The *Monthly Review* declared it "one of the most absurd productions we have ever seen. . . . It is a great pity that so brave and judicious an officer should thus run the hazard of exposing himself to ridicule by an unsuccessful attempt to enliven the poet's bays with the soldier's laurels. In turning bard and writing a tragedy Rogers makes just as good a figure as would a Grub Street rhymester at the head of our author's corps of North American rangers." This romantic colonial figure is presented at full length in a biography of admirable thoroughness, documented with the accuracy of the best modern historical research. It may safely be asserted that Mr. Nevins's work will not soon be superseded. The life is an enlightening account of those pioneer days that should be placed beside Parkman's volumes. The typography is a beautiful specimen of the printer's art worthy of the society whose name it bears.

In "The Purāna Text of the Dynasties of the Kali Age" (Oxford University Press), Mr. F. E. Pargiter has made an attempt to extract from the tradition and fable of the Purānas a real chronology of India. His results, briefly set forth, are to the effect that the Matsya Purāna brings down the historical narrative to about the middle of the third century A. D., that the Vāyu was composed in Sanskrit by the end of the fourth century and that the Matsya itself was based on an earlier Prākrit "Bhavishya." Bards and minstrels recited in patois the chronicles of kings from very early times, particularly in and near Magadha (the modern Behar). The famous Vishnu Purāna and the Bhāgavata drew from these sources, condensing and Sanskritizing the original material. Certain misreadings seem to Mr. Pargiter to point to the fact that the first records were written in Kharoshthī script. Ayoka (Ayoçoka) for Acoka indicates that the word appeared first in an alphabet where yo and ço might be confused, *i. e.*, in Kharoshthī. The hypothesis is ingenious, but not wholly satisfactory. The Bhavishya original is very doubtful, and too much depends upon misreadings derived from the supposititious Prākrit original. Errors in Sanskrit are so common that neither orthography nor syntax is conclusive evidence that texts of a popular character violating the canon must derive from patois originals written in an older script; but the details are too special to be discussed here.

Here are two little books which give a very good sample of Treitschke's thought and style. The "Selections from Treitschke's Lectures on Politics" (Stokes; 75 cents net) are excellently translated by Adam L. Gowans, and discuss briefly the theory of the nature and the constitution of the state. They contain some Machiavellian principles, but also such statements as the folowing:

> Through the founding of the German Empire a tranquillity has entered spontaneously into the system of States, inasmuch as ambition in Prussia can now be silent; Prussia has essentially attained the power she required (p. 121).
>
> The whole character of the life of the State has become so public nowadays, that a gross contravention of international law immediately excites great indignation among all civilized nations (p. 125).

In the second volume, "Treitschke: His Doctrines of German Destiny and of International Relations. Together with a Study of his Life and Work," by Adolf Hausrath (Putnam; $1.50 net), there are sufficiently well translated a number of Treitschke's occasional essays and addresses between 1870 and 1888. They discuss the advantages of an army like Germany's, international law, German colonization, and the relations between Germany and Austria; one of the essays deprecates an anonymous book which Treitschke thought would stir up bad feeling between Prussia and Russia; and the last is a muddled attempt to confute J. S. Mill's book, "On Liberty." The first half of the volume is a well-informed and sympathetic sketch of Treitschke's life by his intimate friend and admirer, Pastor Hausrath. It is excellent except for the atrocious translation, which is evidently by a different hand from that of the essays, and betrays an equal ignorance of history and of German. Hausrath reveals Treitschke's sensitive nature, his struggles against political opposition and social antagonism, and the isolating afflictions of deafness and poor eye-sight. He shows also Treitschke's high ideal of self-sacrifice, which is the strongest element running all through his teaching.

Science

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

The annual meeting of the National Academy of Sciences was held at Washington on April 19, 20, and 21. The great success of the meeting, at which twenty-two papers were read, was due largely to the fact that the programme was in the hands of an efficient committee, of which Prof. B. B. Boltwood was the chairman, and that the papers were grouped so that similar subjects were treated at any given session. In addition to this the committee had specially invited a number of persons, not all members of the Academy, to contribute papers of general interest, two of which were extended lectures involving accounts of recent scientific expeditions, besides the third set of William Ellery Hale Lectures on Evolution, all of which drew a numerous general audience.

Thomas H. Morgan, of Columbia University, in a paper on "Localization of Hereditary Material in Germ Cells," presented an account of what many biologists consider an epoch-making discovery in the confirmation of Weissmann's speculation that certain characteristics which are inherited are transmitted from one generation to the next by being associated with small bodies called chromosomes contained in the germ cells. If the two parents possess certain different characteristics, as, for instance, the color of the eyes, or the shape of the wings in certain flies, these characteristics are situated in the chromosomes, and Mendel's law states, according to the simple laws of combination, what proportions of the descendants in different generations will inherit the different characteristics. Professor Morgan considers pairs of qualities which seem to go together, as if belonging to the same pair of chromosomes, but are differently inherited from the two parents, and he explains certain deviations from the usual relations, as if certain qualities left one chromosome to appear in another, by juxtaposition, and, as it were, twisting together of the chromosomes in certain simple fashions, from which the manner of inheritance can actually be predicted.

Lafayette B. Mendel, of Yale University, in a paper on "Specific Chemical Aspects of Growth," presented the results of the study of nutrition by means of careful variation in the chemical content of the diet of rats, with the effect on their weight. Certain fatty or amino-acids derived from proteins may be formed in the body of the animal, but there

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are certain others that cannot, but must be furnished in the dietary. This was shown in a most striking manner by the curves presented, the increase of weight attained by a given rat, while the correct ration was given, being invariably changed to a sudden fall when the proportion of certain proteids is altered.

I. S. Kleiner and S. J. Meltzer, of the Rockefeller Institute, contributed a paper on "Retention in the Circulation of Injected Dextrose in Depancreatized Animals." When dextrose is injected into the veins of normal animals it disappears rapidly from the circulation, and the sugar content of the blood becomes normal again. The power of this removal of sugar seems to depend on the pancreas, for, in dogs from which this has been removed, the dextrose remains longer in the circulation. If an emulsion of pancreas, however, is simultaneously injected, the circulation once more rids itself of the superfluous sugar.

Eugene F. Du Bois, of the Russell Sage Institute of Pathology, in a paper on a "Basal Metabolism During the Period of Growth," showed how the growth of babies and adults, as well as that of animals, large and small, might be reduced with considerable accuracy to a common scale. For this purpose it is advisable not to refer the growth to the weight of the individual, but to the area of the surface of the body, and an ingenious method of measuring this surface was described, involving the taking of a mould of the body and weighing it. The metabolism may be measured by the heat developed during rest, and absorbed in a calorimeter.

On Tuesday morning the papers on astronomy and physics were concentrated, beginning with that of Joel Stebbins, of the University of Illinois, describing his work on "The Electrical Photometry of the Stars," for which the Academy has awarded him the Draper Medal. Since comparisons of the light of the stars by means of photometers depending on the eye frequently contain errors of from ten to twenty per cent., and never reach an accuracy of one per cent., Professor Stebbins attempted to replace the eye by an instrument depending on the property of selenium of decreasing in electrical resistance when illuminated. After many difficulties resulting from the capricious behavior of the selenium, which is placed in a small cell in the eye-piece of the telescope, it was found that if the cell was surrounded by ice the irregularities disappeared. A star of the second magnitude, viewed by a twelve-inch objective, has about the same effect as a candle at a distance of some five hundred feet, and to get an accuracy of one per cent. would require sensitiveness sufficient to distinguish a candle a mile away. This was accomplished. The results of the study of several variable stars were shown, and by means of the curves of variability the orbits of the two bodies of which they consist could be determined. After this success with selenium, Professor Stebbins replaced the selenium photometer by an entirely new instrument depending on the property of the alkali metals to emit electrons when exposed to light. This photo-electric effect is measured by an electrometer hanging from the telescope, and the instrument is even more satisfactory than the selenium photometer.

George E. Hale, of the Mount Wilson Astrophysical Observatory, illustrated his "Vortex Hypothesis of Sun Spots" by an experimental study of liquid vortices in a tank, rotating a column of water by a wire carrying cork paddles, the columnar vortex formed curling up into half of a circular vortex, closely resembling those found in Hale's remarkable work on the sun.

Robert W. Wood, of Johns Hopkins University, in a paper with the curious title, "One-Dimensional Gases and the Experimental Determination of the Law of Reflection of Gas Molecules," described how he had been able to convert the random motion of molecules of mercury vapor into motion in a single direction, so that all molecules moved as if shot from a machine-gun. This was done by allowing a stream of heated vapor to pass through a tube cooled in liquid air, so that all molecules moving horizontally stuck to the glass, and only the vertical motion remained. The stream of molecules remaining was allowed to impinge on a hot glass plate, and was reflected, not regularly, like billiard balls, but at random in all directions, according to the recent theory of Knudsen for the very rare gases. The phenomenon was clearly visualized by the deposit of mercury seen in the photographs.

Robert A. Millikan, of the University of Chicago, gave not only an account of the history of Atomism in Modern Physics, but also described his important work, which was recognized by the award of the Comstock Prize two years ago, as well as by election to membership at this meeting. The hypothesis of atoms by Dalton, to account for the definated mass relations in chemical combination, together with the hypothesis of Prout that all the elements were formed of one primordial element, completed by Mendeleeff's discovery of the periodic relations of the properties of the elements to their atomic weights, has recently been crowned by Moseley's discovery, by means of X-ray spectra, of a series of atomic numbers corresponding to all the elements, and proceeding by an even simpler law than the atomic weights. Furthermore, the transition of the radioactive substances one into another with definite change of atomic weights seems to confirm the idea of the primordial unit. This unit of mass is associated with a definite unit of electricity in the electron, and this relation, discovered by J. J. Thomson, has formed the subject of Millikan's very accurate determinations. By prolonged observation of the motion of the rate of fall of a minute drop of oil in an electric field, and the discovery that there were sudden changes in this rate of fall, Millikan was able to show that these were due to the drop taking or losing certain definite quantities of electricity, always a definite multiple of a certain unit. Thus this unit or atom of electricity is made one of the most concrete of physical objects.

The afternoon session was opened by a lecture by William M. Davis, of Harvard University, on "Problems Associated with the Origin of Coral Reefs, Suggested by a Shaler Memorial Study of the Reefs of Fiji, New Caledonia, Loyalty Islands, New Hebrides, Queensland, and the Society Islands, in 1914." These reefs are in general circular in form, and either contain a central island, or, in the case of the atolls, a central lagoon without an island. Various theories have been proposed, some maintaining that the corals grew up from below, while Darwin believed that the reefs were formed about peaks of volcanic origin, which gradually subsided, the coral growing up as the subsidence took place. Professor Davis believes that he has confirmed Darwin's theory, the embayment of the central islands showing how the peaks were cut gradually away, and afterwards subsided below the sea level.

Henry Fairfield Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History, gave a paper on "Human Races of the Old Stone Age of Europe, the Geologic Time of Their Appearance, Their Racial and Anatomical Characters," and described the various remains found in Europe.

J. Walter Fewkes, of the Bureau of American Ethnology, under the title, "Pictures of Prehistoric Pottery from the Mimbres Valley in New Mexico and Their Relation to Those of Casas Grandes," showed many illustrations of a new collection embracing about one thousand specimens with two hundred and fifty paintings of men and animals, exhibiting a startling artistic development unsurpassed by any yet found in North America.

On Wednesday afternoon a lecture was given by George H. Parker, of Harvard University, the official representative of the Academy upon the Special Commission appointed by the President of the United States to study and report upon the Alaskan fur seals during the summer of 1914, upon "The Fur Seal Herd of the Pribilof Islands." In 1914 there were born over 93,000 seals and the total herd was nearly 300,000, a gain over the previous year.

The Hale lectures, two in number, were given by the veteran geologist, Thomas Chrowder Chamberlin, of the University of Chicago, on the subject, "The Evolution of the Earth." In the first lecture the various theories of cosmogony were described, including Laplace's Nebular hypothesis, which is criticised because the rotation of the sun is not of the proper amount to permit of throwing off the planets. In Chamberlin's own theory the solar system is supposed to have been formed from a spiral nebula, of which there are still many in the heavens. These spiral nebulæ are supposed to have been formed by the tidal action of two bodies passing within a certain distance of each other, so that one is drawn out by the attraction of the other, and eventually great masses of gas are ejected, and move around their parent body in spirals. The repetition of this process produces beads or knots upon these spirals, and by the loss of heat these form the materials from which the planets are made. According to Chamberlin, the earth was not a molten mass cooling down, but was formed by the aggregation of many cold planetesimals, and as it grew it was continually under stress, as it still is. These unequal stresses produced tendencies to yielding in a certain symmetrical fashion, and this determined the shape of the continents.

The Academy elected the following new members: Robert Andrews Millikan, physicist, University of Chicago; Samuel Wendell Williston, palæontologist, University of Chicago; William Ernest Castle, zoölogist, Harvard University; Charles Greeley Abbot, astrophysicist, Smithsonian Institution; Graham Lusk, physiologist, Cornell University; Henry Seely White, mathematician, Vassar College; Granville Stanley Hall, psychologist, Clark University; Frank Rattray Lillie, zoologist, University of Chicago; Alexander Smith, chemist, Columbia University; Victor Clarence Vaughan, pathologist, University of Michigan.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

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Music and Drama.

THE PARIS STAGE—MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC DISTRACTIONS OF WARTIME.

PARIS, April 10.

While the heart of Paris, like that of all France, is far away—at the field of real action—it must not be thought that no room is left for the stage and its counterfeit of life. The reasons why music and the drama must diminish their activities are also the reasons why they should keep on at their work for the community.

What we call in English "attractions" the French are apt to set down as "distractions"; and there is now need of something to draw away the public mind from things too serious. So far as singing and acting are likely to be found in Paris to-day, there is no danger that they will weaken the people's patriotic fibre. But they are needed for something else than to compose and encourage. The "profession" is utterly disorganized. Half its members are fighting at the front—and the rest are threatened with starvation at home, unless the stage gives them a chance to earn their bread. And that is why Paris tries to have as much music and theatre as possible, with the only possible companies, recruited as best may be among those who were never together before. So every one is tolerant and no longer looks for what has always been the one essential of Parisian success. This was not "stars," but an entire troupe in which all, from highest to lowest, were trained to sing and play as one stage mechanism, well and uniformly and all together. But now the question is to give work and food to performers—and no one criticises.

To show the situation, take a concert which was actually given—not at Paris, but in the fortified camp of Toul, for the wounded brought in daily from the battle-line a few miles away. It was in what had been the Municipal Theatre in happier days. Everything was *de circonstance*. There was the "Chant of the Swords" from "Gwendoline" of Chabrier, dead before his time; it was he who gave the real start to modern "French" music. This was followed by a "War Chant" —orchestra and chorus conducted by the author, Florent Schmitt, a soldier in the ranks at Toul. The "restrained violence" of his music suited the audience. There were four songs for three voices from rondels of Charles of Orleans, also conducted by the author, Carlos Salzedo, who was present for a like reason. The music was as archaic as the verse, but it struck a national note in men who are now more than ever one with their race of all the ages. Then Salzedo, in his uniform, and Henri Casadesus in like guise, played together on harp and *viole d'amour* (tenor viol) another undated ancient piece—a *suite* of Lorenziti, whose "feminine sonorities" astonished their fellow-soldiers. Of quite recent pieces, there were the "Colibri" of Ernest Chausson (present), and an Impromptu of veteran Gabriel Fauré, who was master of many of these. For all this, there were tenors of the Opéra Comique and a basso of the Opéra. One of Sarah Bernhardt's actors recited. All these, too, were in uniform of service. If in a single camp so much talent withdrawn from the Paris stage could be found, how can we expect Parisian opera and theatre to run on normal lines?

The great concerts in Paris get on best, for instrumentalists—Conservatoire prizes of their day—can always be found. The concerts known from their founders by the names of Colonne and Lamoureux have joined forces during the war. The former always had a *spécialité* of Berlioz; and the latter instrumented Wagner while his operas were still anathema in France. This they are likely to be again, as Saint-Saëns has been explaining, partly for patriotism and partly because their sombre shade was fatal to all else. Saint-Saëns derides the notion that he can be working to bring up his own music instead; but he pleads guilty to lack of courage when he wrote in defence of Wagner, years ago, without noting the music's intolerable lengthiness. It is long since the Paris public noted it, and their present and future relief will be for many one of the lighter compensations of war, quite like the interdiction of absinthe and other encumbering habits.

At last Sunday's concert, Berlioz's "Eight Scenes from Faust" were given; they are the primitive form of what became the "Damnation de Faust," and have things not kept in the latter, but worth knowing. Then, for a wonder and most agreeable to hear, was music antipodal to Wagner and all but the very latest moderns—old English Purcell's "St. Cecilia's Day" and "Dido's Air" and "Nymphs and Shepherdesses." Nothing was done by halves. As at Toul, the old music fell piercingly through new emotions, and the signs of musical weather foretell further consequences after the war. There were fragments of the second act of Lulli's "Psyche"; Handel's concerto in Re minor, with orchestra; and the *ballet héroïque* of Rameau's "Indes galantes." All these antique vibrations of

> ——diviner aether, more pellucid air,

were framed in again by fragments of Berlioz from the depths of Romanticism, which is also antique. They were taken from his "Romeo and Juliet": Romeo's sadness; far-away noises of ball and concert, and the great feast at the Capulets.

Speaking of Psyche, beloved of Edgar Allan Poe and all who grew up a century ago, a very pretty revival of the ballet danced before the rising Napoleon by Vestris has been given in five representations of the *épopée lyrique*—"L'Aigle"—of the young composer, Jean Nouguès. He has taken the music from the original score and inserted it deftly, with a quantity of songs of the French Revolution, in the course of his own melodious tableaux. This kind of musical piece, in which scenic realization of past splendors accompanies great history set to singing and orchestration like an opera, should advance steadily in favor over profitless myths and sentimental futilities. As significant of the temper of war, I note among the operettas of this strange Paris season—"Miss Tipperary," given by the burned Moulin Rouge's troupe at a Boulevard theatre, and "Mam'zelle Boy-Scout" at another.

For the drama, an initiative of the Théâtre du Vaudeville may well be followed; and it will pleasantly intermit the "national matinées" of choice selections and lectures. This theatre has begun reproducing its old successes and, as far as possible, with the original creators of the rôles. So many theatrical artists of past years, too old for the wars and perhaps in need, remain in Paris that this ought to be practical.

Not all the successes of the past generation will, however, be accepted now. There was a rumor that Henri Becque's "La Parisienne" was to be produced at the Comédie Française. He was never a comfortable author, and wrote at a time when the supercilious few ("highbrows") stood apart from common-sense *bourgeois* and horrified them by decadent realism. Was it real? Did Clotilde ever exist? If so—which is improbable—she will be extinct as the dodo by the time this war is over. This doubtless has prompted Madame Adam's protest against any revival of drama which calumniates French women—Parisiennes—often on the strength of scant acquaintance by the author, and that at second hand. No one denies the acrid force of Henri Becque's style and his shrapnel wit. But a single whiff of real cannon smoke has answered for him Dr. Jenkinson's question in "The New Republic":

"Are you quite sure that any one at all feels all these things, beyond the very few people who talk about them?" S. D.

"JOHN GABRIEL BORKMAN."

The outstanding feature of the performance of Ibsen's tragedy, "John Gabriel Borkman," the second of the series undertaken by the Modern Stage Society under the management of Emmanuel Reicher, is the impressive acting of Herr Reicher himself in the title rôle. Thoroughly familiar with the part in German, his interpretation of it in English is at no point awkward, and in all but the very first scenes is forceful and dramatic. The human appeal of Ibsen's colossal egoist and ex-convict is there, yet the heroic quality of the portrait is unimpaired. The tragedy figures the events which it represents as taking place in somewhat less time than the performance itself. The action was noticeably retarded by Herr Reicher's slowness of enunciation, but from this resulted a double gain. Every speech was clearly heard, and the play moved at a deliberate, relentless pace that heightened its dignity and the sense of fatefulness that it carries. The bleakness of the picture of the failure and death of the broken banker, overwhelmed in the ruins of his magnificent plans, becomes in some measure but a cold impressiveness; and Herr Reicher brought out admirably the mixture of ironic comedy and pathos in the spectacle of the old financier revolving plans for his rehabilitation and waiting the call that shall bring him into the arena again. N.

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"THE HYPHEN."

Over the technical weaknesses of Mr. Justus Miles Forman's play, produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre last week, it is best to draw a merciful veil. We imagine that, should it survive, as time goes along the piece will undergo radical reconstruction. As presented on the first and second nights it bore every evidence of haste and inexpertness. Throughout the second and third acts mirth irrepressible rippled over the audience at almost every word and gesture of the trio of villains—Teutonic villains, whose native seriousness should have protected them from such misunderstanding—and even the civic authorities seemed joined in a conspiracy to defeat the serious interpretation of Mr. Forman's melodrama, for at the moment which we are taught to designate as psychological, when there was talk on the stage of bomb-dropping on a factory engaged in the manufacture of munitions of war for the Allies, *Boom* went a subterranean explosion in the new subway under construction. The audience could hardly be blamed if it became a little hysterical.

It is stated, and we can well believe, that Mr. Forman's play was written and produced in record-breaking haste. That is a pity, for the author has got hold of a good idea, and had he called to his assistance a collaborator more experienced than himself in the technique of the stage the result should have been a good melodrama of timely interest. An old German, Heinrich Brandt, having come to America as a young man, has prospered exceedingly and has finally retired from business a rich man. His natural sympathies in the war are strongly for the Fatherland, and at its outbreak, swayed by his emotions, he presented a large sum of money to the Kaiser's war chest. Since that time, all involuntarily, he has been regarded as one of the leaders of the German cause in America, and his house has been made a rendezvous of its principal advocates. But the violence of his associates, their readiness to subordinate everything to the cause of the Fatherland, disturbs old Brandt. He, the man who left Germany because he was there denied the opportunity which he found in this country, appreciates what America has done for him, and before all else he is an American citizen. He will have nothing to do with any scheme that accords ill with the neutrality of America. Fritz, on the other hand, his son, born and bred in the United States, and accustomed from birth to those opportunities which the old man had to come to America to find, prizes them less. He is violently pro-German, ready to engage in any mad scheme for the succor of the Fatherland—even to the extent of blowing up the factory which his father formerly owned and which is now making munitions for the Allies.

Now, it does not greatly matter whether this situation is true to facts or not; for theatrical purposes it is a good one, and properly worked out should have made an interesting play. The details of the plots and counter-plots, the spying and counter-spying, that go on are also ingenious, but they are too complicated, and they are not welded together into dramatic form. We have no doubt that Mr. Forman could have made an exciting and entertaining novel out of the material which he has used; what he lacks is the instinct for the stage to pick and choose from his wealth of material. The play does not lack good writing. Old Brandt, for instance, has a capital speech in the second act, which, in the capable hands of W. H. Thompson, should have been extremely effective, but here again the author defeats his own ends and gives the player an impossible task by dragging the speech out to an inordinate length, the other players, including the villanous trio, meanwhile standing round with nothing to do and looking, as they must feel through a good part of the play, extremely uncomfortable. To comment at length on the acting would, in the circumstances, be superfluous, but a word must be said for Miss Gail Kane's performance of the unpromising part of Lili Buelow.

S. W.

Art

To Mr. F. F. Sherman's beautifully printed monographs is added "Ralph Albert Blakelock," by Elliott Daingerfield. It is a fortunate collocation of author and theme, for Mr. Daingerfield's type of invention is in many respects akin to Blakelock's. Both are dreamers, and both set great store by richness of texture and smouldering incandescence of tone. About Blakelock, the gentle visionary, whose mind yielded under adversity some twenty years ago, there are almost no biographical details. The chief event is a Western trip whence fantastic transmuted recollections of Indian life passed into his work. He married and begot nine children. In a hapless struggle, during which his charming little panels sold down to two or three dollars apiece, he finally succumbed. To-day the forger or forgers of his style probably live better than he ever did. Had he won through, he would now be rich and famous. As it is, he is famous, and can never know it. His art, while often very slight, is so instinct with charm that it seems incredible it could have been ignored. During his brief activity our collectors were paying great prices for Diazes and learning to admire Monticelli. Blakelock had much of the material splendor of Diaz's color and no small share of the romantic glamour of Monticelli's invention. He had the defect of being an American and of trading rather on Fourth than Fifth Avenue. His gift, though apparently slight, is specific and gracious. The subject is usually nothing more than an opening in a forest, with a shadowy, vague foreground and a patch of rich blue overhead. Sometimes there are indeterminate figures, rich in suggestion. The effect is of late afternoon, as if the accumulated glow of the brighter hours were imprisoned in the objects rather than diffused in the atmosphere. The preparation is silvery, with heavy impasts, upon which the warm browns and russets are drawn in thin glazes or imposed in heavy scumbles. The highly composite mass is kneaded and scraped until it acquires a sombre corruscation. Always the silvery base is allowed to show through as a unifying tone. The method is so fixed that its expressions tend to become monotonous. To the impression of reverie specific form is pretty generally sacrificed. We have briefly described an exquisite and authentic, but minor talent. There are indications that Blakelock, had he had his chance, might have emerged into greatness. There are one or two amazing nocturnes, notably the famous The Brook, Moonlight, of great beauty of pattern and of high imaginative quality. There is bigness and a sense of awe in them. But his practical task was to paint his little poesies on cigar box covers and peddle them round the town for a few dollars. Mr. Daingerfield's sympathetic essay is illustrated by ten excellent plates, one in colors. The edition is limited to 250, and the price is ten dollars net, a figure at which Blakelock would gladly have ceded most of his pictures.

The first number of a series of art monographs entitled "Memoirs of the Colombo Museum," edited by the director, Joseph Pearson, contains examples of Buddhist and Hindu bronzes, of the metal work in which Ceylon is rich, and of which specimens are still being discovered on the fertile sites of the old capitals. The present monograph, by Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, is divided into two parts: Buddhist bronzes from Anuradhapura, many of which are thought to date from the ninth or tenth century, and the Hindu images of Polonnaruva, reminiscent of the many Tamil invasions down to the thirteenth century. From the third century, when Ceylon was converted to Buddhism by Asoka's son Mahinda, the island has been a fruitful centre for Buddhist creative art, and though the specimens so far discovered are too few to determine the existence of a definite school and style, yet a systematic exploration of ruins, and of the innumerable *daghobas* of the hieratic period, should prove rewarding in the future. The most ancient images, according to Mr. Coomaraswamy, may be assigned to the sixth century. A controversy has raged about the discovery in Ceylon and elsewhere of Buddhist feminine divinities, and of figures with four or more arms and two or more faces. These are valid evidences of the existence of a comprehensive Mahayana cult that closely assimilated the Hindu: according to Col. A. L. Waddell, numerous of their divinities were recognized, and found due expression in Buddhist art. Many of these figures recall the grace and dignity of the earlier northern examples, the larger sculptures at Barhut and Sanchi, and the Græco-Buddhist remains at Gandhara, Mathura, and Saranath. The paucity of mediæval examples does not say much for the brief, strong Chinese influence which existed until the coming of the Europeans in 1505, and which has left no impression on Buddhist art in the island.

But the more exquisite modelling is naturally revealed in the less ascetic creed, and Colombo has some beautiful types of the influential Hindu school that flourished in South India in mediæval times. The figure of Siva as a Cosmic Dancer in Plate I is a perfect piece of modelling; the only reservation that is obvious in this and nearly all similar representations of the god is the awkwardness of one of the four arms, drawn, as usual, sharply across the graceful figure, and undeniably *gauche*. But these suave compositions do not compare with the Hanuman, belonging to this school, at the South Kensington Museum. Mr. Coomaraswamy is not extravagant in praising this beautiful image of the Monkey-god, which is full of a refined and rare dignity unusual in an otherwise ludicrous figure. It is to be hoped that this venture of the Colombo Museum will be followed by Madras, so rich in examples of stone and metal, and by the museums of the north.

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Finance

DURING THE WAR, AND AFTERWARD.

When, at the opening of last week, the excited rise on the Stock Exchange was manifestly checked, there were numerous explanations. It was the heavy European realizing sales. It was the Rock Island receivership. It was a general feeling that the pace had become too fast. It was denial of the more extravagant "war-order" rumors. But behind all these considerations, there was something else.

Had the stock market been advancing in the belief that war would go on indefinitely? Or was the rise inspired by expectation of early peace? If the violent rise in shares of "equipment companies" was based on confidence that the enormous contracts for war munitions would continue, then sudden peace negotiations should puncture the enthusiastic boom. If railway stocks, and shares of industrial companies not manufacturing cartridges and shrapnel, were rising on the belief in early peace, then conditions which appealed to buyers of "Bethlehem" and "Locomotive" would give ground for selling the rest of the list. Wall Street's reminder of these anomalies came when the newspapers printed Dr. Dernburg's terms of peace.

Events soon proved that Dr. Dernburg's peace programme was hardly such as to appeal to the anti-German allies. If this was the ultimatum, it was generally agreed, then war must go on. Rightly or wrongly, the financial community seems to have made up its mind in what way our markets will be affected by continued war. Still, peace had at any rate been talked of; people of more consequence than Dr. Dernburg had been predicting a necessary termination of war a few months hence. The Stock Exchange began to ask, How would that affect the markets?

Prediction on that head is much confused. A very respectable body of opinion holds that peace, with the dismantling of the world-wide structure of protective economic expedients, would set loose the flood of European financial liquidation. The opposite view has been voiced, among other cheerful prophets, by Mr. Theodore Price, who has asserted, as the teaching of human experience, that "general prosperity, and not general poverty, will follow the conclusion of peace," that "of this prosperity the present belligerents will enjoy the greatest measure," and that "history may be searched in vain for any substantial warrant for these direful assumptions about the effects of wars."

What are the facts? They are by no means so simple and one-sided as these sweeping statements would seem to indicate. The usual experience at the ending of a war has been a brief and sudden revival of business, always connected with the sudden removal of the iron bonds of war; then, as a rule, reaction and readjustment. Most people are apt to recall the famous and long-continued rise in American prosperity and in American speculation which followed the Spanish War of 1898. But that was only a three-months' war; almost exclusively a sea war; as such things go, an inexpensive war. It occurred, moreover, at a period when the industrial fortunes of the United States were already rapidly on the mend and the world's output of gold increasing at a rate that was unprecedented.

The end of the Russo-Japanese War, in 1905, left both Russia and Japan in a state of financial paralysis, from which they did not recover in a series of years. Elsewhere in the financial world, attempts at a "post-bellum boom" (as in 1905 and 1906 in this country) came to an untimely end with a violent and convulsive money stringency, and the panic of 1907 followed. As for the Boer War, which ended in May, 1902, no one who lived through that period will have forgotten the prolonged industrial prostration which passed over England. Even in the United States the return of peace was followed by the disordered Wall Street market of the autumn of 1902, and by the great liquidation of 1903.

The year after the ending of the Franco-Prussian War in 1871 was a year of immense speculation in England, Germany, and the United States, though not in France. The economic explanation of that result is, possibly, that the war was short, that it was confined to two antagonists and a limited territory, that neutral states, whose commerce, even with France and Germany, was not obstructed, prospered greatly during the war itself; that one belligerent—and that the one who had suffered least—was reimbursed by an enormous cash indemnity. Our own Civil War ended in 1865; a short-lived "boom" ensued, here and in England; in 1866 came the famous Overend-Gurney crash on Lombard Street, with conditions of panic that swept over the whole of the financial world.

There is left the precedent of the only war in the nineteenth century which, for costliness, violence, scope of hostilities, and number of belligerents involved, can fairly be paralleled with the present conflict. The Napoleonic contest ended in 1814, except for the brief and formidable struggle of the Hundred Days, when Napoleon returned from Elba. In England, during 1814, the wildest kind of speculation prevailed; but in commodities, not in Stock Exchange securities. On the staple markets, every one seemed to be speculating, and, in goods from the reopened colonial markets, every one making money. In 1815, Waterloo was fought and won; the twelve-year war was unmistakably over. Forthwith, the hugely inflated prices of commodities gave way; a violent liquidation followed; the speculators fell into panic. Within two years, 240 banks stopped payment in Great Britain, and a season of great and prolonged depression followed.

Such are the facts of history. Yet it must also be admitted that inferences from history have led to a striking series of unfulfilled prophecies, even of economic results to the present date.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Confessions of a Clergyman. Anonymous. McBride. $1.50 net.
Davis, E. The Princess Cecilia. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Deeping, W. Marriage by Conquest. McBride, Nast. $1.25 net.
Mulder, A. Bram of the Five Corners. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25 net.
Munn, Charles C. The Heart of Uncle Terry. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.25 net.
Needham, H. B. The Double Squeeze. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
Olmstead, F. A Cloistered Romance. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Oppenheim, James. The Beloved. Huebsch. $1.25 net.
Rohmer, S. The Yellow Claw. McBride, Nast. $1.35 net.
Snowden, K. King Jack. Dutton. $1.35 net.
Stringer, A. The Hand of Peril. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
The Seas of God. Anonymous. Hearst International Library Co. $1.35 net.
Willsie, Honoré. Still Jim. Stokes. $1.35 net.
Wilson, H. L. The Man from Home. Appleton. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rai, Lajpat. The Arya Samaj. Longmans, Green. $1.75 net.
Dickinson, G. L. An Essay on the Civilisations of India, China, and Japan. Doubleday, Page. 60 cents net.
Finley, W. L. and I. Little Bird Blue. Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.
Haldane, Viscount. The Conduct of Life and Other Addresses. Dutton. $1 net.
Sharp, D. L. The Whole Year Round. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Tinker, C. B. The Salon and English Letters. Macmillan. $2.25 net.
Volterra, V. The Theory of Permutable Functions. Princeton University Press. $1 net.
Wiener, L. An Interpretation of the Russian People. McBride. $1.25 net.
Zimmern, A. E. The Greek Commonwealth. Second edition. Oxford University Press.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Cope, H. F. Religious Education in the Family. University of Chicago Press. $1.25 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Collected Papers of John Westlake on Public International Law. Edited by L. Oppenheim. Cambridge University Press.
Second Annual Industrial Directory of New York State. 1913. Albany, N. Y.: State Department of Labor.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Arkwright, Francis. Memoirs of the Duke de Saint-Simon: The Silver Age of Louis XIV. The Gossip and Glory of Versailles. Brentano. $3 net each.
Deming, C. Yale Yesterdays. Yale University Press. $2.25 net.
Eliot, C. W. The Road Toward Peace. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Johnson, R. Captain John Smith. Macmillan. 50 cents net.
Kreisler, F. Four Weeks in the Trenches. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Preston, W. T. R. Strathcona and the Making of Canada. McBride. $2.50 net.
Protheroe, E. The British Navy. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Rhys, E. Rabindranath Tagore: A Biographical Study. Macmillan. $1 net.
Waley, A. S. The Re-Making of China. Dutton. $1 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Burchenal, E. Folk-Dances of Denmark. Folk-Dances of Finland. Schirmer. $1.50 net each.
France, A. The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife. Lane. 75 cents net.
Gates, E. Swat the Fly. New York: The Arrow Publishing Co. 25 cents net.
Lewisohn, L. The Modern Drama. Huebsch. $1.50 net.

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TEXTBOOKS.

Cowles, J. D. Favorite Fairy Tales Retold. Chicago: McClurg. 75 cents net.

Forbes, Nevill. Russian Grammar. Oxford University Press. $2 net.

Hinchman, W. S. A History of English Literature. Century.

Sinnecker, W. D. Deutsch für Anfänger. Heath. $1.25 net.

Stickles, A. M. Elements of Government. American Book Co.

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